

# COUNTRY LIFE

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Photo. by J. THOMSON.

THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY.

70a, Grosvenor Street, W.



SOME naturalists would like to assign the Asiatic elephant to two species—the elephant of India proper and of the Brahmaputra valley under the title of *elephas Indicus*, and the elephant of the Far East, Sumatra, Burmah, and Siam, as *elephas Sumatrensis*. Sportsmen, on the other hand, maintain with the majority of scientific men that there is no real difference between the elephants of Asia, whether in the Indian hills or the forests of Burmah, Siam, and the tropical jungles of the Malay region, but that, if any distinction is made, it should be between the herds of tusked and tuskless males. The latter are extraordinarily numerous in Burmah, where very large wild herds, containing few or no males except those without tusks, or “muknas,” are very frequently found. These tuskless males, like “humnel” stags, are often larger and better fighters than those armed with tusks, and thus tend to perpetuate their race in the rivalry for the possession of the females. But wild elephants, both tusked and “muknas,” abound in that vast peninsular, as large as the whole of Southern India, which is watered by the Irrawaddy, the Menam, and the Mekong, and divided between Burmah, Siam, and Anam. The greater part of India is now open plains, often lacking in water in the summer, and so scorching hot in the hot season that no elephant would venture to expose his skin there by day. In fact, it may be doubted whether India, as a whole, was ever an elephant country, though certain districts were and are admirably suited to their wants and wishes. But *all* Burmah and the greater part of Siam are exactly suited to the animals. The forests are enormous, with plenty of the food the elephants like. There is abundance of water, great rivers, creeks, tributaries, and pools. There is a steaming climate, yet plenty of shade; wide clearings of sweet grass, reeds, and jungle fruits. The elephant likes things on a gigantic scale, and in Burmah he has them. “Woods and

waters” are words which scarcely convey the true meaning of the elephants’ haunts of Burmah, so vast are the forests and streams.

In the latter the giant beasts delight especially. The Burmese herds are, in many places, almost aquatic, and their riverine ways make them even more difficult to pursue than their fondness for the thickest jungle. As early as 1860 the great number of herds by the Tenasserim River was noted, as well as their fondness for the wild forest and avoidance of settlements. But it is only recently that, partly with a view to sport, partly from the demand for elephants for the teak industry, and the generally more settled state of the country since the conquest of Upper Burmah, the ways of the Burmese elephant have been more familiar to Europeans.

General Pollok’s hunting experiences show the elephants as they live in these far Eastern forests. Their perfect adaptation to their surroundings and the almost human sagacity of the herds are most remarkable. They always choose the most favourable feeding and encamping grounds. In the jungles they select parts where their ponderous bodies so resemble the rocks and foliage that it is impossible to distinguish them. Some of the “camping grounds” are so placed that a river surrounds them on three sides and thick jungle or swamp closes the entrance. In one of these “camps” the elephants entered their stronghold after swimming half a mile down the river. Once inside the sanctuary they make themselves comfortable, as they know no one can approach without giving notice by splashing and rowing on the rapid river. “I have been an hour or more trying to penetrate into one of the fastnesses,” writes General Pollok, “when twenty or thirty elephants were congregated in a space not more than 400yds. square, but so well were all the approaches protected, that at last, when I did succeed in crossing the river,



ELEPHANTS IN SANCTUARY.



at the risk of being drowned in its deep bed or swept away by the current, the noise we made was enough to waken the seven sleepers, and I had the pleasure of seeing them decamp one way as I entered on the opposite side."

The habits of the Burmese elephants also conform to those of the Indian species in another and less pleasing manner. The males will occasionally turn "rogues," and set up as enemies of the world in general, and of mankind in particular. In India, if a wild male elephant becomes vicious, news is very soon carried to some English sportsman, who usually cuts short his career of crime with the rifle. In the deep forests of Upper Burmah, where, until recently, Europeans of any race were scarce, a rogue elephant had matters all his own way. He became a terror to all the forest people, and almost a permanent curse to the country. As no one knows the limit of elephant life, and the rule with the criminal elephant is "once a rogue always a rogue," there was practically no time limit to the creature's mischief. One noted Burmese rogue elephant was reported to have been a man-killer for generations, the tradition having been handed down from father to son. He was said to be 200 years old and to live under the protection of the "nats," or jungle spirits.



A VICIOUS CAPTIVE IN TRAINING.

The difference in civilisation between the Burmese and Siamese might be estimated, if no other means were available, by the

difference in their methods of catching and domesticating the elephant. While Siam had its half-wild herds always, in a sense, under control, available whenever it was convenient to select animals for use and training, the Burman usually caught his animals from the wild herds with the maximum of effort to himself and of suffering to the animals. Swift female elephants, ridden by professional catchers, were sent out to "run down" wild ones and noose them.

The sport is exciting enough, and as a sport has, we believe, extended from the further East to the foot of the Nepaul Hills. When a wild herd is started, the tame animals follow at speed, and cut out one from the rest. This is then run to a standstill, or until the pursuing elephants can range alongside and a knot is slipped over a hind leg. The other end of the noose is made fast to a belt round the tame elephants. Another is then thrown round the neck of the wild one, who is simply choked into surrender. Often he dies of suffocation; sometimes the legs are so deeply cut that they mortify; and in any case the percentage of loss and suffering is great. The recent demand for elephants to work in the teak yards has, however, induced the Burmans to copy the Siamese system to some extent. Half-wild herds, bred from crosses between tame females and wild males, are already being formed, and the young tuskers are "taken up," when required, by private owners, without the regular establishment of Government *ked-dahs*. Near Amrapoorah, in Upper Burmah, an intermediate system has been practised for many years. A couple of strong permanent enclosures are made, and into them tame female elephants decoy wild males out of the jungle. As many



FEMALES WITH YOUNG ONES.



A NICE YOUNG ELEPHANT.

as twenty male elephants have been taken by this means in twelve months—perhaps the best record of trapping ever made.

A trapped elephant is very soon tamed, as the domesticated herd are not only willing to admit him among them, but will always obey the drivers in enforcing good behaviour on the newcomer. If he persists in misbehaving himself, he is isolated until he learns better. This can be done even on the march, as shown in our illustration of *A VICIOUS CAPTIVE IN TRAINING*. The elephant, a tusker, is fastened to two long stout ropes, attached to elephants some twenty-five yards ahead and astern of him. The system pursued in the Far East has one great advantage over

that used in India, for in the latter the tame elephant *never* produces young. There is some condition in the life of regular work led by the Indian domesticated elephant which seems absolutely to forbid reproduction. But the Burmese and Siamese elephants—of which most of the females spend the greater part of their time on the borderland of domestication, sometimes at work, but often loose in the jungles round the settlements—do breed freely. A herd of FEMALES WITH YOUNG ONES is quite commonly seen; and a very NICE YOUNG ELEPHANT may at any time be bought cheap, and shipped and delivered in England for about £100.

(To be continued.)

## CYCLING WITH HOUNDS.



TERRIBLY EXCITING.

IT was a hard white frost. The windows were covered with steam inside, and outside a dense white mist eddied and whirled about white-rimmed tree-arms, which were swollen to double their usual size. A most hopeless hunting morning—so bad that I had no energy to get into riding habit, or the long boots which gleamed on their trees. What was the good? The road had been a swamp the day before, and would be a mammoth slide to-day. So, ruefully, I prowled out to see the horses and take the groom's opinion on the state of affairs.

He opined "they would hunt if the sun came out," so all our hopes rested on that luminary dispersing the fog. But it did not. Rather it seemed to grow thicker as the hour of the meet got nearer; so in desperation the horses were countermanded, cycling things were ordered, and off we started over rutty frozen roads and crackling ice for a ride, if nothing more. It was rough riding, there was no mistake as to that, also it was cold; but after a bit the latter disadvantage gave place to a gorgeous warmth, and, all of a sudden, we rode out of a mist curtain into a moderately clear sunny atmosphere. When the meeting-place was reached, the sun had fully conquered the mist; the ice was giving in all directions; riders and led horses came trotting up. Those who had driven to the meet, muffled up like sporting Esquimaux, emerged from their furred coats, and, to add the finishing touch, a wire was received from the kennels to say the hounds would be up by twelve.

The railway line lay close to the meet. At five minutes to twelve the train steamed in, and at a few minutes past the hounds came pouring down the half-thawed road. Being so late, there was no time to spare. Three or four other cyclists had turned up, and, following regular cycling hunter tactics, we all made for high ground where we could be out of the way of the horses and see the fun

in panoramic fashion. So off the riders jingled and splashed across the fields to the edge of the covert; and we, perched on the driest fence bars we could find, sat aloft awaiting developments, basking meanwhile in the rays of a white, misty sun, set in a pale blue sky.

Cracks and shouts, now and again the twang of the horn, or "caws" from a cluster of disturbed rooks who hung in mid air, wondering what all the bustle was about. Suddenly a scurry. We jump to our machines, the horses in the drivers' carts stamp and dance, and up from the spinney, across the road, over the hedge, or through a convenient gate, the fox is away, over the heath, and the whole pack, hounds, men, and horses, in full cry on his track.

It was no part of our plan to get mixed up with such a cavalry charge. A rickety sign-post to the left points out a parallel road, and down it we splash, regardless of enamel, and ignoring the cleaning which has to come. Some horsemen clatter by on the turf—wise road-riding folk who wish to hunt without risk. The wheels slither and slip as we dash along the hoof track, trying in practice what seems hard in theory—how to watch the chase with one eye, and pick our road with the other.

It was a ringing fox. Instead of going straight over heath, he must needs bear away down south to Cradley Gorse. A grass lane is convenient. Once it was the proud Ermine Street of the Romans, now it is a wide, grass-grown lane; its very finger-posts, bound round with tarred string effacing the lettering, tell that it is a highway no longer.

The worst of cycling with hounds is, that it is so terribly exciting. Small wonder young horses pull their riders' arms off, and sober old hunters renew their youth, to the no small discomposure of nervous drivers of carts, once hounds are about. In cold blood one would as soon think of riding into the Serpentine





WERE WE GOING TO JUMP IT?

## MRS. CLEMENTS, nee SEMIRAMIS.

LITTLE Silas Lee had told me, in his Romany tongue, the strange obstacle to the happiness of Clements, the ring-master, and Miss Semiramis, the Queen of Beauty, as the circus was making its slow way into Warwick; and it was there, by the banks of the silver Avon, that Clements himself had explained, with great seriousness, that the jealousy of Old Parr, the performing elephant, was really a formidable bar to their union. In course of a decent interval, occupied by slow progresses and performances, the circus neared the neighbourhood of Nottingham. I had joined myself to it again, with the object of perfecting myself, by Silas' tuition, in the gipsy tongue; and as we passed by the famous Sherwood Forest, beloved of Robin Hood and his merry men, I noticed a certain spirit of restless uneasiness coming over Silas. Asked as to its cause, he confided to me that in this neighbourhood was the usual headquarters of his family caravan, and since he and his illustrious sister, Miss Semiramis, had fled from the *al fresco* hearth and home in order to escape the kindly corrections of a near relative, administered with the aid of a stout ash plant, the reason of his uneasiness seemed apparent and natural.

"Uncle Sam's sure to be around," he said, "when the circus is coming. He knows well enough it's the company that Sally, that is Semiramis, and me ran away to, and if he should happen to come across us he'll make us remember it—I'll be bound he will."

To this day I have never been able to find out the exact relationship between Uncle Sam, Silas, and Miss Semiramis, whether he were a disappointed lover of the last named, or a blood relative. That "Uncle" precisely expressed the degree of kinship there is no reason to conclude.

"He would not dare to touch Miss Semiramis now, I should think," I said.

"Wouldn't he!" the little boy answered, scornfully. "You don't know what he is."

That night, I have every reason to believe, the boy spent in the bear's van for protection, and neither the dreaded Uncle Sam nor any other of the gipsies appeared near the circus on the following day; but towards the evening some of these loafers were about, and Silas was too circumspect to venture out for his usual chat with me. Shortly before the evening performance, however, I came upon him just outside the stable tent, and was addressing a word or two of no importance to him, when suddenly, with no kind of warning, he dashed incontinently between the legs of the draught horses at their evening meal, and in a moment had vanished into the dark recesses of their stable.

as flying on cycle-back down a rough, holey, grass-covered road, out of the saddle far oftener than in it, and testing the quality of the joint and tangent wheels in what a maker would call an unfair way. But once hounds are about, on a bright winter's day, all the nerves and scruples go to the four winds, and as training, cycling *ventre a terre* over these rough roads and the grass lands we come to later on is the finest riding lesson in the world. One only finds out how difficult it is to upset a cycle after a little rough riding, which gives caution and dash, with utter command of the machine.

And so we bump along as fast as we can. Lookers-on, when we come to check, inform us we "bobbed about like corks." Certainly the driving contingent qualified as "passed sailors" in the same time as the carts ducked, dived, and cavorted about in a manner most trying to their springs.

Reynard tries to shake the hounds off in the gorse, but it will not do, and, after a few minutes' halt, off they all stream again, down hill this time which is a blessing, as the grass lane was not precisely like the Wheel Club track, the going being more than a trifle heavy.

It is a lively scene. On the broad fields to the right the field stream along, a parti-coloured crew. They are mixed up now; and brown jacket and cords rides ahead, in many cases, of faultless pink and leathers which are now mightily splashed, which once were snowy white. The sporting kaleidoscope often shows strange patterns; but they ride on, and the thunder of hoofs is a welcome accompaniment to the song of the cycles' chains. The road is a bye-road, and ends in a gate into a broad, rolling grass field. There is room for all, and with a dash to get through the hoof-poached mud at the entrance, with a stagger and mighty slipping, we are tearing over the rising and falling turf, the most glorious sensation, barring a good gallop, which can be experienced by anyone. There's a good mile of it, counting gates; and what a mile it is! The thawed frost has not spoiled the surface, and down and up on the great drained ridges till we ease up checkmated by the brook. We are not the only ones in the same position. It's a big jump even for the horse folk, and some do not seem to hanker for a plunge, with the thermometer at 37deg. Fahr. So we watch some at the water jump, get inquiries if we are not going to jump it, and then, whilst others trot off to seek a ford, we find a gate into a very dirty lane, which, however, leads us to a main road in course of time.

And so the cycles are pounded, but they have had their fun. Far more than if following on foot, we had been thrown out several miles from home. Now, we spin home easily. Then, we should have turned up in the seer light, tired—and low be it spoken—sleepy, and cross. Now we swing home through a quaint little grey-stone village, past a miller's dray drawn up at the village saddler's, with three patient horses. Past an old-time village cross, which vandals have mauled with latter-day posters and inscriptions; and homewards, just in time for tea. What a horrible state all the machines are in! A bucket of water is the only thing for them. Harris, the groom, looks at them ruefully. "We might a' ridden arter all," he said. "Willyum, fetch a couple of buckets and a sponge."

F. G. ERSKINE.

I did not need my glance around to tell me the cause of his sudden disappearance; but, turning, I saw three of the most evil-looking ruffians of gipsy aspect possible, sauntering up from the background towards the tent. Silas, of course, had gone from them for the present. He was lost in the maze of tents as hopelessly as if he had gone to another planet, so I felt he was safe for the while from Uncle Sam's vengeance. Strolling round to the front of the big tent, where the performances were just about to commence, I was surprised to see Silas slip out again from under cover; but in a moment I understood his



W. B. DART. SITTING ON HER HORSE.

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generous motive in facing the peril in the open, for he went up to where his sister was SITTING ON HER HORSE, putting the last touches to the set of her queenly robes, and whispered something to her which I did not doubt was a word of warning, to tell her that the terrible "Uncle," ash plant armed, was stalking abroad. She did not appear to attach much weight to the monition, for she laughed at him as she answered, and the next minute both he and she had disappeared within the tent, he by way of crawling under its flap, and she riding triumphantly through the open passage, whence a loud burst of applause greeted her appearance in the ring.

The musicians had lately come in from the tour that they had been making through the purlieus of the town, in a magnificent car drawn by a humble horse in the shafts, Old Parr harnessed on ahead of the horse, and the ungainly Oonty, the camel, as leader. Thus they had advertised the circus before the evening performance, and had returned in time to take their parts as their turns came. And now all was silence for a while, except for the howling of the jackals, who were saying a kind of grace after meat, and the occasional salvoes which greeted the Queen of Beauty's feats in the arena. JOEY, THE CLOWN, in his pony cart, was waiting, with Clements magnificently arrayed, to go in and take their turn in some light comedy business when the Queen came out. Beside me Old Parr, unharnessed from the musicians' car, was amusing himself pulling up some wisps of grass. The twilight was falling, and the beetles began droning about.

Presently the Queen came out at a gallop, followed by a farewell chorus of delight. Joey and the ring-master prepared for their entry. The Queen's palfrey, well used to its work, pulled up dead short as soon as it was outside the tent, and she began riding it at a foot's pace towards the stable. Later she would have to appear again for the hoop business, and other feats, but for the present she had an interval for rest. Suddenly, from the shade of one of the tents, three men jumped up as the Queen went by. One seized the bridle of her horse, and the others began talking to her in low, excited voices. Miss Semiramis gave a slight scream at first, but then began talking eagerly, too, to one of the men, who I guessed to be Uncle Sam. In case of accidents I thought it well to stroll towards them, and as I went I noticed that I was accompanied—Old Parr came quietly with me. The man at the horse's head began leading it slowly off in the direction of some trees; the other men on foot went, too, still talking eagerly to Miss Semiramis on the horse. As I came near I could hear that they were talking Romany, but so quickly that I could not follow them. All at once Miss Semiramis seemed to grasp that the horse was being taken in the wrong direction, and guessed that foul play was meant. She



Photo. W. B. Dart. THE CIRCUS PONY.

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screamed aloud for help twice, slipped quickly down from her horse, and in a moment was struggling in the men's arms. They had hold of her, and before I could come to them had carried her a few yards to where a light cart was drawn up under the trees. Still struggling, they thrust her into it.

"Stop! Stop!" I cried, at the top of my voice; but the driver of the cart, who had sprung in, answered by a crack of his whip, and the horse began to move.

I thought I should not catch them, and pictured the desolate company, with its Queen of Beauty abducted, when a great shapeless thing went quietly by me, though I was running my best. It was Old Parr. In another moment, before the horse had got into its stride, he was up with the cart. A great rending crash followed, as the elephant gently took the back-board of the cart in his trunk. The cart swayed fearfully; then the back-board came away with a final crash; a gaudy mass of petticoats rolled under the elephant's great legs. It was the Queen of Beauty, badly frightened, but unhurt, as she assured me when I picked her up, whilst the horse, now thoroughly terrified, dashed off with the three gipsies, probably no less frightened, up the grassy lane.

I led the Queen of Beauty back, and the intrepid lady so well recovered her nerve that she went through her hoop-jumping performances later as if nothing had happened.

About noon the next day I was strolling near the circus tents, when I saw a fair coming across the field—a lady on a man's arm—followed by a little boy. It was Clements and the Queen of Beauty, attended by little Silas.



Photo. W. B. Dart. JOEY THE CLOWN.

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"Well, Miss Semiramis," I began, intending to ask if she were any the worse for the last evening's adventure, but the ringmaster interrupted me.

"Pardon me," he said, with a finely dramatic gesture. "It is Mrs. Clements that you mean. Since the occurrence of last night, we have felt that Mrs. Clements—*née* Semiramis," he added by way of explanation, "had need of a protector. In fact, we have been to the registrar's this morning."

Of course I duly gratulated the proud bridegroom and the blushing bride.

"And Old Parr?" I asked.

"Old Parr! I guess he'll be all right now. Would you like to see the introduction?"

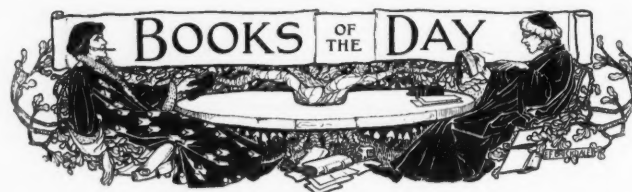
Old Parr, when the pair appeared, arm in arm, before him, seemed to take in the situation at a glance, and to resign himself to the inevitable with wonderful and elephantine philosophy.

"See him," said Clements, admiringly. "That's an elephant, that is. See how he lays his trunk on Miss Semiramis—that is, on Mrs. Clements—shoulder! He's an elephant. I know him, sir. When once he's aided a lady in distress, as he did last night, he's that lady's slave for life, sir. He recognises that we are one. I knew how it would be. Old Parr, sir, having, as you may say, given the lady away like—for if it hadn't been for him she wouldn't have been here—after that he's not the elephant to go back on what he has done. He's generosity itself, that elephant. There's not another like him in the profession."

And Old Parr never has "gone back," for a month or two ago, when I last saw them, Old Parr was still Mrs. Clements' devoted slave. Clements cites it as an instance of a favourite saying of his, that "there's a deal of human nature in an elephant"; but I cannot say that it is my experience that this is just the way human nature generally takes this kind of thing. However, Clements seems to know better.

What with the elephant and her husband, the late Miss Semiramis seems exceedingly well protected, and nothing has since been seen of that old Egyptian ruffian whom Silas and Mrs. Clements call "Uncle" Sam.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.



#### SPORT AND SLAUGHTER.

MY allotted space is about to be devoted to a book which fascinated while it revolted me; to a volume which, while it excited my disapproval over and over again, refused to permit me to lay it down until every page had been devoured, and every considerable illustration had been studied again and again. That book is "Elephant Hunting in Equatorial Africa," by Arthur H. Neumann, and it is published by Rowland Ward, the naturalist. By way of giving some preliminary idea of Mr. Neumann's power of using the pen, the weapon of peace, let me quote a few lines which are appended to the beautiful frontispiece, drawn by Mr. E. Caldwell.

"In the foreground were some Grant's gazelles, and a large Grevy's zebra. . . . We saw a large herd standing about, some in the stream, some on the banks, loitering and resting. . . . As I paused, some of the elephants moved nearer to me in the shallow, sandy stream, drinking and playing with the water. One pair, a cow and a large bull, were evidently making love. The bull fondled his mate with his trunk, and then, standing side by side, they crossed trunks, and put the tips into each other's mouths—an undoubted elephantine kiss."

The picture itself, showing the delicate gazelles and the plump-quartered zebra, and the huge beasts standing fetlock deep in pellucid water, for all the world like placid English kine in summer, is not a more beautiful presentment



than the words of mammoth nature enjoying the leisure of security. I turn to the pages in the book from which the extract is made. Mr. Neumann, to his credit be it written, paused for a moment. First a bull elephant received two bullets from the heavy rifle; then, from a magazine rifle, a flying shot was fired at an elephant (sex unnoted) as it disappeared into the bush; then a couple of shots from the Lee-Metford laid a cow, clearly seen to be such, low. Elsewhere, Mr. Neumann observes that he wishes some armchair critics would tell him how to distinguish cow from bull in the dense bush. Would the information be of much use to him? Then Mr. Neumann seems to have lost count of things in his excitement. "We had not been able to follow up each elephant I hit at the time. I had got into a hot corner, and had to make the most of it while it lasted. But some we had seen fall, and others we came upon dead while following up the herd. . . . By sundown we had twelve lying dead, but I had used all my cartridges. . . . I did not consider I had done as well as I ought (even allowing for one or two elephants we had not found), considering the amount of ammunition expended, and the wonderful chance I had had in (for Central Africa) comparatively easy ground." The majority of readers will think Mr. Neumann did quite well, or ill, enough, and that fourteen of these majestic creatures done to death in one day—two were gathered during the "pick-up"—were an amply sufficient draft on the reserve store of life in the world. Frankly, this carelessness in the pursuit of wounded beasts is a thing altogether horrible, and calls for indignant protest. It is the first duty of every man who shoots, whether for sheer love of sport or for reward, to put the wounded out of their misery with all possible expedition. Yet it is plain throughout the book that Mr. Neumann, the elephant hunter, is as brave a man and as skilful a shot at big game as any that lives, and that, if he is a terror to all living things of any size, his butchery is effected in the way of business, and out of sheer necessity.

The pity of it is that an expedition such as his was, from Mombasa, up the Athi and Tiva rivers, across the Tana, up the valley to the west of the Matthews Range, along the eastern shores of Lake Rudolf, to Kére, which is at the furthest end of nowhere, implies prodigal expenditure of animal life. The hunter must be attended by a huge train of flesh-eating negroes—I object to the contemptuous use of the word "native," since I am myself a native of England—and meat must be killed for them. Now it is the hippopotamus, now the gazelle, now the zebra, now the rhinoceros, and now that great overgrown schoolgirl the giraffe, that falls before that deadly rifle. The total slaughter must have been something quite appalling, and, as I look upon the picture representing the "auction sale of author's ivory in Mombasa Custom House," a doubt creeps across my mind whether those rows of curving tusks were a sufficient reward for the animal life they cost. Each pair represents a huge creature laid low, and each pair represents goodness knows how many harmless creatures killed to support the men who hunted the great elephant for his teeth alone.

Far be it from me to attack Mr. Neumann, who hunts as a business; nay, I do not even inveigh against the system, but regret that so much blood is shed for results so small is a feeling which will not be denied expression. Mr. Neumann, indeed, is a sterling specimen of his kind. He declares his aversion to unnecessary killing; he clearly shoots, though he does not boast about it, in a manner to outshine the trappers of our youthful romances; he has the observant eye and the appreciative nature of the true naturalist. Few things could be more charming than his description of the multitudinous bird life on the shores of Lake Rudolf, or than the accompanying picture, which shows the spoonbills that reminded the author "of mowers moving slowly in a row, some fifteen or twenty abreast, in open order with measured steps, their heads down, the points

of their long bills under water, swinging regularly with a sweeping action from right to left." It shows, also, white herons and egrets of various sizes with the spoonbills, "clumps of stately pelicans" (one may question that word "stately"), flocks of gulls, storks, and herons. The whole air is alive with birds, as at the Bass Rock when one passes it at dawn, and there is a flutter and a scream as white wings innumerable move in the air. Also, praise be to superstition, the Ndorobo, an elephant-hunting race of negroes—they do it with a harpoon, as if the elephant were a whale—will not eat bird flesh. Very charming, also, are the account and picture of an elephant cooling himself in the water, on whose back the egrets perch in crowds like gulls upon a rock. A keen eye has Mr. Neumann also for butterflies, of which he has collected a long list, including, says Mistress Emily Mary Sharpe, three new species, of which the Greek names may be omitted, as we used to say at school, for the sake of euphony. Cataphrysops, at any rate, is cacophonous. But he takes my fancy most, and, I imagine, will attract the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, principally by his intimate knowledge of the rifle and its powers, and by his astute little dodges, of which more later. Henceforth, it will be clear, as, indeed, it had been already to those who enjoyed the confidence of that modest but perfect shikari Mr. Littledale, that for the killing of big game there is no longer any need that the cool and accurate shot should carry a battery of heavy guns. The ponderous rifles and huge spherical balls in which Sir Samuel Baker delighted have had their day. Mr. Littledale kept his Thibetan expedition on the game which fell before his sporting Mannlicher, which is, in my opinion, one of the handiest and most precise of existing weapons. He might probably have done it equally well with a Krag Jørgensen, a Norwegian weapon, little known in England, but of which the American naval authorities have been quick to perceive the merits. Its chief merit consists in minute calibre, and strong but effectual magazine arrangement. Mr. Neumann found the '303, which is our military bore, perfectly sufficient for all kinds of game, but narrowly escaped death under the forehead of an enraged elephant, through the imperfection of the magazine arrangements. Unless, however, I have missed the passage, he does not tell us what explosive he used, and it would be interesting to know whether cordite is to be trusted under the climatic conditions of Central Africa. Still, we now know thus much. Assuming, as in all likelihood we must assume, that the bullets used by Mr. Neumann were either partly hollow, or filed off at the point, small calibre rifles will do their work effectively. I knew it before from Mr. Littledale, the finest and quickest rifle shot I ever met; and I encountered him at a range where he met Sir Edmund Loder and others of the best sporting rifle shots in the kingdom. But his exploits were little known to the public. However, the fact is now established, and the knowledge of it will be a great saving to those who go after big game in the future. *Exeunt* the ponderous rifle and, even more important, its cases of weighty ammunition. Enter the small calibre gun, with its immense muzzle velocity, and its bullets so prepared that they shall not penetrate too much, but shall "mushroom" and distribute the tremendous energy which has set them moving at 2,000ft. to the second. Also, Mr. Neumann has clever gun-traps for lions and hyænas, and tricks for scaring vultures from game that cannot be carried away at the moment, which remind me of the correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE concerning keeping rabbits away from their holes. Altogether he has written a very capital book, the fruits of which may suffice to make it unnecessary for him in the future, for some time at any rate, to proceed to add to the number of extinct species of animals. Also, he has enticed your "Looker-on" into discoursing on his favourite subject—the rifle; for which I will forgive Mr. Neumann, but the reader may not.

## KESTRELS AND TIERCEL.

BY way of testing the validity of my opinion that the illustrations here presented were of singular beauty and accuracy, I have submitted them to two keen amateurs in ornithology, who are also familiar with the ancient sport of hawking as still practised in this country and in India. They confirmed my view to the full, and I feel justified in saying, with all deliberation, that the studies are of the first order of merit. They represent, be it observed, the familiar kestrel in two attitudes, and an eyas tiercel in fierce pursuit of a terror-stricken partridge. The fate of that partridge is sealed. In another second her enemy will have shot down upon her, and a stroke of the cruel claws will send the brown bird hurtling to earth.

Let me discourse a little on the kestrel first. True falcon, as the long wings show, the kestrel is seen more often and by more eyes than any other of our birds of prey. That is not because the kestrels are more numerous than the sparrow-hawks. Indeed, I think that in bird's-nesting days the blotched eggs of the sparrow-hawk were gathered more often than the ruddy eggs of the kestrel, which, as seen in the nest, and for a short time afterwards, had that wondrous but evanescent bloom to which the late Mr. Seebohm has called attention. The fierce, yellow-eyed, short-winged, dashing sparrow-hawk knows that she has no friends, and shows herself no more than is absolutely necessary. All the small birds are in terror of her, and her approach is the signal for a storm of chattering agitation among them, though sometimes they will unite to mob her. She dashes along a hedgerow and away, and is no more seen. She swoops like a flash from the blue upon the poultry-yard, or the meadow where the pheasant coops stand in early summer, and vanishes into shelter almost before one may realise that anything is amiss. But the kestrel is true to her picturesque country name of windhover. The small birds fear her not at all, and take no notice of her, for they know that she feeds by preference upon the flesh of furry little quadrupeds, and that very rarely indeed does she vary her meal by taking a course of blackbird or linnet or sparrow.

Our first illustration shows the windhover in a characteristic attitude. Poised high in air, her dark eye is fixed upon the ground below. Of birds she makes little or no account; a field-



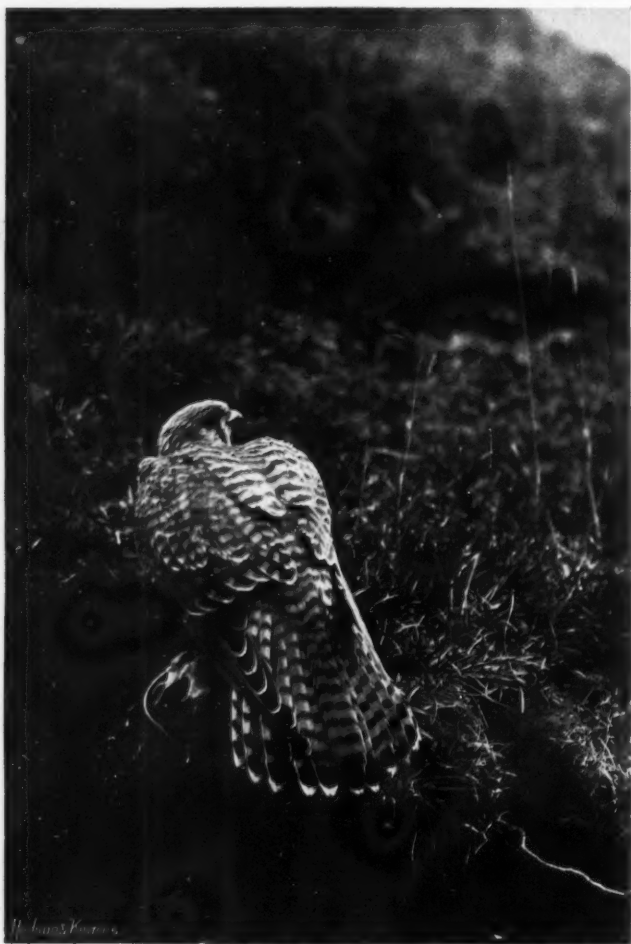
Studies by

IN SEARCH OF A MEAL.

Quatremas.

mouse is her choicest prey, and she will not despise a beetle or a grasshopper. In captivity—for it is an easy matter to tame a

kestrel—she will not despise the humble earthworm if she is sharply set. So, at least, says that careful observer, Mr. Anderson Graham. For many minutes one may watch her hovering in this fashion with gently beating pinions. Sometimes the search will prove fruitless, and, apparently without effort, the kestrel will glide away to obtain a bird's-eye view of another hunting ground; but, if the observer is in any luck, he may see the chase carried through to its end. Something has stirred under



*Studies by* MEAL SECURED. *G. W. Quatremain.*

that keen eye; the kestrel swoops gently downwards, and hovers for a second at a short distance above the ground. Then she drops with astonishing swiftness, and the doom of a field-mouse is sealed. A very fascinating picture of graceful ferocity is that of the kestrel that has seized her prey, and our artist has been remarkably successful in reproducing her attitude. Note particularly the hunched up shoulders, so to speak, the quivering feathers of the half-closed wings, the tail spread like a half-opened fan, the eye looking back fiercely over the right shoulder. Her ladyship is jealous of her booty, and is doing all that in her lies to screen it from the eye of somebody who is invisible to us.

Our last picture gives us just a glimpse of one of the noblest and most ancient of sports. A single illustration, however, excellent as it is, cannot afford a sufficient excuse for a discourse upon hawking in general; nor, indeed, could COUNTRY LIFE provide space for all that one would wish to write. Let it suffice for the moment to write that, in spite of increasing difficulties in finding that open country which is indispensable to the true enjoyment of hawking, there are still to be found in this country a few ardent followers of the science of hawking, and they all vow, as is natural and proper in them, that no other sport on land or water is to be compared with it. A brace of grouse or partridges, stricken down for them by the lordly peregrine, gives them more satisfaction than a huge bag secured by straight shooting; and they speak with rapture of the numbness of the wrist which follows upon the grasp of the goshawk when its eye rests upon rabbit or hare. And truly either chase is a beautiful sight. Heron hawking is little practised in these days, though the preservation of the heron upon the game list still speaks of the venerable antiquity of hawking. But "the many-wintered crow," if he chance to have neglected his plain duty of leading the clanging rookery home, and be found sailing in black solitude above the open down or moorland, makes an admirable quarry. But though there is no lack of rooks, and though they afford fine sport to the student of falconry, hawking must always be reserved for the

few. Nor is the reason to be found only in the dwindling away of open spaces of suitable character; for it must be confessed that few amusements are so costly as that of hawking. You may find in some books sundry short and simple directions, by following which, it is said, hawks may be kept and trained with ease. But to attempt to follow them is simply to court disappointment. No man can keep and train hawks satisfactorily unless he enjoys uninterrupted leisure, is possessed of infinite patience and capacity for taking pains, and is also endowed with special knowledge. Few men, if any, among the most enthusiastic devotees of hawking can afford the time to be their own falconers, and the families of professional falconers which survive are so few, that the members of them command a very high price. It follows that hawking in England can never be for the general. But the officers and civilians who serve their country in India have opportunities of seeing a good deal of the ancient and noble sport, which is held in high esteem by many of the native princes. Let us be glad that it, at least, survives in merry England, though there be but few that can speak with authority in the tone of him from whom I have borrowed my pseudonym. "And first for the element that I use to trade in, which is the Air, an element of more worth than weight, an element that doubtless exceeds both the Earth and the Water; for though I sometimes deal in both, yet the air is most properly mine. I and my Hawks use that most, and it yields us most recreation. It stops not the high soaring of my noble, generous Falcon; in it she ascends to such a height as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations; in the Air my troops of Hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the Gods; therefore, I think my Eagle is so justly styled Jove's servant-in-ordinary; and that very Falcon, that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner title, for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the sun's heat, she flies so near it, but her mettle makes her careless of danger; for she then heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious



*Studies by* DOOMED. *G. W. Quatremain.*

career looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height I can make her descend by a word from my mouth, which she both knows and obeys, to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her Master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation." These are noble words of Izaak Walton, and worthy of their subject. AUCEPS.



## A FAMOUS KENNEL OF COLLIES.

THE Rev. Hans Hamilton, vicar of Woodmansterne, near Epsom, has all his life been enamoured of Collies, and, as president of the Collie Club, has probably done more for this exceedingly handsome variety than any other breeder in the country. He is a familiar figure at our large shows, and is justly popular among all ranks of the fancy. It is, indeed, the continued allegiance of such staunch lovers of the dog as Mr. Hamilton that has placed the Collie in its present position as a popular variety. Things were very different when this veteran breeder commenced to take pride in rearing sheep-dogs, for it is common knowledge that at one of the early shows of the Kennel Club only one Collie was benched. The owner used to relate with much pride how carefully tended was the dog, a distinct curiosity, on his arrival at the show, and his disgust on the committee refusing to grant it a prize, as there was no competition, may be imagined. Now, however, Collies generally form the largest section at all shows, and the annual exhibition of the club of which the Rev. Hans Hamilton is the honoured president is admitted to be one of the most attractive of its kind held during the year.

Prices to be secured for typical specimens of the variety have also very much improved, for twice during the past three years has a Collie changed hands for over £1,000, and a much higher figure now awaits the breeder fortunate enough to rear one capable of beating the present day cracks. This is, however, by the way. Mr. Hamilton relates with pride that he was the first fancier to breed a Collie sold for a sum equivalent to £1,000. This was Christopher, described by an expert—when but nine months old—as “a grand-bodied dog, with profuse coat, magnificent head, sable coat, with white blaze up face, perfectly white collar, white chest, and feet; in fact, an exact counterpart of his sire, Metchley Wonder.” He instantly sprang into notoriety—this was ten years ago—and was bought of Mr. Hamilton by Mr. T. H. Stretch for £60. In those days this was considered quite a fair price to give for a young dog, were he ever so promising. Mr. Stretch, then as now, had a keen perception of what a Collie should be, and after Christopher had been placed over his sire at the Collie Club Show, Mr. Mitchell Harrison, an American gentleman, promptly approached his owner, and induced him to sell the dog for £700 hard cash and two other dogs, Dublin Scott and Charleroi II., valued at £150 each. One of the finest Collies ever bred was thus secured for America, very greatly to the regret of breeders in this country, who despaired of seeing his like again. As a souvenir, Mr. Stretch, who had certainly made a lucrative deal, presented Mr. Hamilton with a very handsome photograph of the dog, which now occupies a prominent position in the study at Court Haw. Very many other noted animals have been reared at Woodmansterne, and their breeder has on more than one occasion had the honour of presenting Collies to Her Majesty, who is an ardent admirer of the variety.

In one respect, and a very important one, too, Mr. Hamilton has a great advantage over the majority of breeders, for there



Mauld and Fox, THE REV. HANS HAMILTON. Piccadilly.

is no more suitable place in the country than Woodmansterne for the rearing of young stock. The village is most secluded, and is rarely visited, even by the touring cyclists, except during Derby week, when the races on Epsom Downs, a few miles away, bring thousands into the district. The dogs thus have plenty of liberty, and can be exercised without leaving the home paddock, a fine piece of park-like ground, several acres in extent, facing COURT HAW, a residence Mr. Hamilton purchased of the executors of one of his late parishioners some three years ago. Not only is there plenty of land attached to the house, but the out-buildings are roomy, dry, and nicely situated, the dogs certainly having everything in their favour. The largest kennel, in which are housed the stud dogs and several of

the best of the young stock, was at one time in use at one of the London exhibitions, but, being in the market, it was secured by Mr. Hamilton, and makes an ideal dogs' house. The floor is concreted, and the divisions so arranged that the visitor can pass down the centre and see each dog in his own compartment, tall palisading rendering it impossible for a viciously-inclined Collie to indulge in evil propensities. All appeared to be thoroughly happy, and in excellent health, whilst the scrupulous cleanliness of the establishment showed how very jealous is Scrase, the kennel man, of the well-being of his charges.

The principal inmates of this kennel were DOON GOLDFINDER, WOODMANSTERNE CONRAD, AND NERO, the latter a young black and tan dog who has taken the place of the veteran Benedick, lately sold to a Canadian gentleman. Later in the day, after each had been allowed a gallop in the paddock—during which there was ample opportunity of noticing how freely and gracefully all moved—they were grouped for a photograph. A charming picture they



Photo. R. J. Close,

COURT HAW.

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made, too, although there was no denying the joyous tones of the bark of Conrad on being released for a romp with the kennel terrier Mr. Hamilton allowed the privilege of watching his playmates whilst under the spell of the camera. Both CONRAD, who was afterwards taken alone, and Goldfinder are well known on the bench, each having won very high honours; in fact, a better brace could not be found in the South of England. Of the former Mr. Hamilton had an interesting little story to tell. As a puppy the dog was first shown in Scotland, and before being benched was claimed by a cute fancier, who at once proceeded to coerce the unsuspecting owner to return home with him at once, he feeling sure that, were the animal but seen by other fanciers, several claims would be entered for his possession. This is precisely what happened. As the owner was endeavouring to smuggle the puppy out of the show, he was stopped by a well-known Collie man, who, having an inkling of what had happened, acquainted the show officials and had the dog brought back. He was benched, carried off all the honours possible, and was afterwards secured by Messrs. Pollock at a very high figure. Negotiations were then entered into with the Rev. Hans Hamilton, and the youngster, quite the sensation of the year, was sent South in exchange for a handsome cheque.

He has proved a good investment, for two of his puppies, WOODMANSTERNE AUBREY AND PERCY, of which a picture is given, are full of promise. Most of the young stock are, however, reared in the village and by shepherds, and all are broken to work with sheep. This is, it is scarcely creditable to the general body of breeders to admit, very rarely done, but every dog sent from Woodmansterne is guaranteed able to do his legitimate work. Would that more breeders could say the same of their animals! Mr. Hamilton has not kept in the fancy all these years without having seen very many changes, and one of these is deterioration of his favourite variety as a useful dog. Sheepdog trials are now



DOON GOLDFINDER, WOODMANSTERNE CONRAD, AND NERO.

practically confined to cross-bred dogs specially trained and kept for the work, and it is very rarely indeed one sees a Collie of the stamp generally admitted to be the correct one pitted against the Scoutmoor, Milnthorpe, or Welsh trial dogs. Mr. Hamilton is, however, in favour of official trials being organised by and held under the management of the Collie Club, for then the variety could be judged at its natural work, and points given for other characteristics than mere good looks. A perfect Collie is one of the most graceful, free moving dogs we are proud to identify with Britain, but it is an open secret that many show animals are, in a word, cripples, and if sent for a gallop such as was given the Woodmansterne team on the occasion of our visit, would break down. This is just where one of Mr. Hamilton's strain, the result of many years' careful and thoughtful breeding, has the pull over the brainless, useless Collies far too common at all shows. Breeders have paid and are paying too much attention to the cultivation of show points rather than the improvement of the dog as an all-round workman. "Handsome is as handsome does," and we are not the only admirers of dogs for their own sake, rather than for their aid in increasing one's banking account, who would hail with satisfaction the promotion of working trials at every outdoor show in the country. Then, and then only, will naturally-bred Collies get their due.

## NOTES FROM THE KENNEL.

THE Sidcup and District Canine Society, the latest addition to the list of South Country clubs, promises well, over seventy members having been already enrolled. Mr. F. D. Phillips has been appointed hon. secretary, and although, for show purposes, the radius for local exhibitors has been fixed at five miles from Sidcup Post Office, membership is open, breeders in any part of the county being eligible for election. This will have the effect of strengthening the entry when the big show is held, but as any member, no matter where resident, will be allowed to compete in the local classes, it is difficult to understand how district novices are to be encouraged. It is a mistake to thus throw open competition in the local section. As a matter of fact, it ceases to be local when any breeder, providing he has paid a nominal annual subscription, can send his dogs to the exhibition. Sir William Hart Dyke, M.P., has been nominated as president, and with Dr. Rice acting as chairman of the committee, there is every prospect of the society becoming a popular one. Two evening shows are to precede the one to be held under Kennel Club Rules during the summer.

Mr. W. Arkwright, J.P., will not be present at this spring's field trials, he having started on a trip to Japan. During his absence, however, his sporting dogs will be kept in work, and most of his old winners will be seen out at Ipswich, Bedford, or Shrewsbury in April. It is also extremely likely that before his return, some three or four months hence, the trials of the Sporting Spaniel Club will be arranged, many of the preliminary details having been fixed up prior to Mr. Arkwright's departure. Spaniel men stood aghast at the action of this staunch admirer of dogs of working rather than show type when a whole class was cancelled at Derby, "not one animal being worth a card." Considering that some of the dogs had previously won prizes at all the leading shows, this action—as no compliment to the gentlemen who had made those awards. If the mission of the Sporting Spaniel Club was inaugurated at Derby, and other judges follow the example set by Mr. Arkwright, lively times are promised.

The famous kennels at Wimbledon founded by Mr. J. S. Pybus-Sellon, and in which many of the finest Bulldogs of the day have been reared, are in the market. It was rumoured in canine circles a month ago that Mr. Harding Cox had, with his friend Mr. E. W. Jacquet, entered into negotiations for possession of the establishment. The gentlemen named had been very busily engaged in getting together a large kennel of sporting dogs and others intended for show, and this no doubt gave colour to the rumour. The kennels, which have been erected at very great cost, are certainly most suitable for Mr. Harding Cox and his partner, but as the whole establishment is now advertised to be let, the negotiations apparently fell through. Bordering Wimbledon Common, and within a few minutes' run of Waterloo, there is no more convenient establishment in the South.

Canine matters in South Wales are certainly more flourishing than has been the case for some years. The establishment of the Welsh Kennel Club was a wise step, although it is to be regretted that, so far, the committee has not seen



CONRAD.



AUBREY AND PERCY.



its way to hold a summer show in the northern part of the Principality. Bangor, Llandudno, or Rhyl would, in the season, make excellent venues, and although this year's show has been already fixed to be held at Cardiff during the Bath and West week in May, it is not yet too late to arrange for an autumn fixture in North Wales. Mr. E. H. Walbrook, who since the formation of the club has acted as hon. secretary, finds the work becoming too heavy, and has resigned, a suggestion that a salaried official be appointed finding favour with the members. A South Wales branch of the Welsh Terrier Club is also in course of formation, the promoters having been fortunate enough to secure the cordial support of Mr. Walter Glynn and his club. Several new members have lately been elected by the latter body, and as the Produce Stakes have filled exceedingly well, the forthcoming season has every appearance of being a prosperous one, the qualities of the charming little Terrier being more appreciated as the club becomes better known. The first division of the Produce Stakes will be made at the Manchester show in March.

Although the Kennel Club issued an edict against extension of the original date for acceptance of entries at any show held under its rules, and set a good example by resolutely refusing a large number tendered after the advertised date of closing, committees of other shows cannot afford to be so independent. An instance is recorded of not half a dozen entries being taken by a secretary up to the date fixed by the committee for closure of the list, whilst even the great Cruft had to extend a little grace to procrastinating exhibitors, his total entry being close on 1,000 fewer than was the case last year. Mr. C. H. Wood of Cheltenham had also to issue an appeal, as had Mr. Rogerson, the hon. secretary of the Northern and Midland Sheepdog Club, there being but forty entries in over thirty classes when the list ought to have closed. This habit of deferring entry until the secretary is obliged to issue an urgent appeal causes a large amount of extra work on the office staff of all shows, and it is high time more stringent action was taken in the matter by the Kennel Club. No entry ought to be accepted within a week of the show. Catalogues would then be more carefully compiled, and harassed officials would not be compelled to neglect many minor details of management by reason of most of the work being crowded into the few days—in some cases hours—immediately preceding the show.

BIRKDALE.

## GLASGOW STALLION SHOW.

ONE of the events of the year amongst the breeders of heavy horses is the show of Clydesdale stallions which, for thirty-eight years, has been held in the Cattle Market at Glasgow. At this show the Clydesdale is seen to the greatest advantage, and Clydesdale men foregather from all quarters of the United Kingdom to talk over their favourites, and extol the merits of the breed which, in their eyes, is the best of all others for draught purposes. Sometimes, indeed, enthusiasm exceeds the bounds of discretion, and in extolling their own breed they do scant justice to its rivals; but this is by no means confined to the Clydesdales, but is more or less to be met with wherever showing prevails.

The show which took place on Friday the 4th inst. was the thirty-eighth in succession, and it was the last which will be held in the Cattle Market, for the Glasgow Agricultural Society has purchased a show-field, which it is purposed to fit up somewhat after the fashion of the famous show-yard at Ball's Bridge, and there for the future will the show be held.

The entries in the various classes were on the whole satisfactory, excepting in the Hackney class, which contained a few moderate animals, and was the weak feature of the show. It can scarcely be said, however, that anything stood out conspicuously as a great horse—as Prince of Wales, Darnley, Prince of Carruchan, and other heroes of the past had done. But, as some sort of compensation for this, there was an improvement in the general merit of the horses shown, and “a lot of useful horses” was the unanimous verdict of experts on every class as it came into the ring. One thing was very marked to one who had visited the show for several years, as I have done, and this was the general increase of weight and power in the exhibits. There was also a marked improvement in the shoulders and backs of the rank and file of the classes. A well-known and very excellent judge, who has long been dead, once described Clydesdales as upright shouldered and slack backed, but had he been living, and been present at Glasgow on Friday, he would have seen few, if any, which would have answered this description. As regards the increase of size and weight, it may be mentioned that several horses were 17h. high, and wide in proportion, and that some few were even bigger.

The hero of the show was Mr. Matthew Marshall's Hiawatha (10,067), a bay six year old, by Prince Robert (7,135) out of Old Darling (7,365), by Tom (877). He is a very well-bred horse, his sire being by the famous Prince of Wales (673), whom I am inclined to think the best draught horse I ever saw, and on his dam's side he strains back to Lord Lyon (489), Clyde (1,102), and Drumore Old Farmer (576). Hiawatha began by winning the Glasgow Society's Premium for aged stallions, and he followed up this success by winning in the open class for aged stallions. He is an upstanding horse, with fine quality, his legs, feet, and pasterns being excellent. His bone is of that flinty texture which is a Clydesdale characteristic, and there seemed plenty of it. He might, however, be wider with advantage, and this shows in his walk, but in his trot he is about perfect, bending his knee well, and getting his hocks well under him.

His victory in the open class was by no means an easy one. Second to him was a very useful horse in Mr. Dunlop's Montrave Mac, who, like the winner, is a grandson of Prince of Wales, his dam, Montrave Maud, a daughter of that fine old Moss Rose, being by that sire. He, like the winner, is full of quality, and has hard flinty bone, and is good about his feet and pasterns; but there were good judges who liked the third prize horse, Mr. David Riddell's Good Gift, better than either of the horses put before him. Good Gift was placed before Hiawatha last year, being second to Prince of Carruchan. He is by that grand horse Gallant Prince, a son of Prince of Wales, and his dam Lady Lothian was by Lord Lothian (5,998), a well-bred horse. There is more weight about Good Gift, and he shows a little more Shire character than either of the others.

The Glasgow Premium for three year olds was awarded to Lord Londonderry's Chastelard, a fine upstanding bay, nicely turned, and with excellent action. He is by Holyrood (9,546), one of the best Clydesdale horses of his day, and his dam Louisa (12,538), who was by Crusader (6,650), is one of the best of the Seaham Harbour matrons, though she has not been shown much. She, however, won both times she was shown, and that in good company.

Chastelard did not have an easy win by any means, for the judges hung a long time between Mr. Dunn's Gay City and him. In the open class for three year olds, with another set of judges, of course, this decision was reversed. Gay

City is a very promising youngster, by Prince of Carruchan, from whom he inherits the Prince of Wales' head, which he possesses in a remarkable degree. He carries himself well in his walk, and has good legs and feet, but is scarcely so good a mover as Chastelard; and it may be remarked that when the award for the Cawdor Cup was made, if there had been any reserve, it was the latter horse that would have been reserve to Hiawatha. The third prize colt was Mr. John Crawford, jun.'s, Gallant Robert, by Prince Robert, a nice enough colt when he grows down, as he seems likely to do, but at present a trifle on the leg. He has good limbs, and went well.

The two year olds made a very good show, and it was in this class that the increase of weight and size which is so desirable was especially conspicuous. Mr. Clark's winner, Gartly Squire, a nice bodied colt by Sir Everard from a Prince of Carruchan mare, shows good promise of future excellence; and the second prize colt, a nameless one by the same sire, owned by Mr. William Taylor, though a trifle short on his shoulders, is quite a nice sort with excellent legs and feet, on which he is well planted. It is worthy of notice that nearly all the prize takers are grandsons of Prince of Wales (673), who was descended in the third generation from Shire mares on both sides.

One thing the visitor to the show could not fail to remark, and that is the general excellence of the feet, and pasterns, and the “flinty” legs of the exhibits—characteristics so necessary for a horse whose destiny it is to work “on the stones.” They are shown on the stones at Glasgow, and I hope that when the show is moved to its new ground, they will continue to be shown on the stones, for in this way can best be determined the character of the legs and feet, and above all of the action.

RED ROVER.

## ON THE GREEN.

STORMY weather lately has been against the best of golf, and the scores for the monthly medals would have looked better, in most cases, on a cricketing than on a golfing score list. An exceptionally good score was returned on the Blackheath green on the occasion of the competition for the Bombay medal, Adam cup, and monthly medal of the club, all three of which were won by the nett 101 of Mr. G. H. Ireland. This, on the ground sodden by rain, was a particularly good return. Mr. Ireland is allowed six strokes in the handicap, rather more than his gross score of 107 seems to entitle him to, for this was a deal the best gross score sent in, the other and more famous Mr. Ireland being second to him with 113.

The Royal Liverpool Club has chosen a very fitting man for her captain in this year, when the amateur championship is to be decided over her course at Hoylake, namely, Mr. Finlay Dun, son of Mr. John Dun, so long at Warrington, but now the great supporter of the Chislehurst Golf Club. Both for his own sake and that of his father, whose services were invaluable to the Hoylake Club in its young days, the election of the son to the captaincy will be most popular.

Many clubs have held their annual meetings—the Ashdown Forest, when Mr. H. A. Curteis was elected captain; Bexhill, when there was a general re-election of old officers; and many others; and all of them show a steady and uniform increase in membership that signifies the constant spread of golfing zeal throughout the land. At the same time there is a tendency for expenses to increase. At Ashdown Forest the entrance fee for new members is raised at once from five guineas to ten, other expenses in proportion as regards temporary membership, and all clubs are tending in the same direction. Happily for the poor man, many commons and public places are the scenes of golf greens, and we doubt whether any club playing on a common has the right of saying “No” to an outsider who wishes to putt on its putting greens and dig in its bunkers.

We see that the Oxford and Cambridge match is arranged to take place at Sandwich on March 4th. At present Cambridge have the advantage on the matches played, with ten to their credit, against eight that Oxford have won, one having been halved. On February 12th, the present Oxford team are to engage a strong team of the past; but the present will have a useful advantage in knowing their own green so well, and we might venture to predict their victory. Prediction is much more difficult in the matter of the inter-University match. Both sides are good. Lately Mr. Henderson was the lowest scratch scorer at the Oxford monthly meeting, but his 77 gross did not avail him for nett honours, which Mr. T. M. Hunter took, with allowance of four and nett 74, his gross score being only one above Mr. Henderson. Mr. de Mortmorency was round in 78 also, but his allowance of two only put him in third place. Mr. A. H. Leathart was equal first at nett 74, though not equal in honour, for his allowance of six is two strokes larger. At Cambridge, in their weekly handicap, Mr. Blackburne was the winner with 78 nett, and his scratch score of 80 was also the lowest gross return.

At Troon, Mr. R. Brownlee's 91 was by a long way the best scratch return, but on the handicap he was only equal first, at 84, with Mr. J. F. Brown, who was minus 15. At Folkestone there were only two under 100; even with their handicap allowances—namely, Mr. E. T. Ward with 104—9=95, and Mr. Jeffrey with 101—3=98. At Hunstanton only one player, Dr. C. R. Whitty, succeeded in getting under the century, and that only by two strokes, with a handicap of fifteen. No one's gross score came nearly down to that mark. The Cinque Ports' reports read similarly—many starters, but few that returned scores. Still, Major Banks and Mr. Shackle, who were equal first, receiving eight strokes each, were only one down to Bogey.

## OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY, whose portrait appears on our front page, is the daughter of the late Col. the Hon. Sir Charles Hugh Lindsay, C.B., and was married in 1882 to the Marquess of Granby, the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Rutland. The great family of Manners, of which the Duke of Rutland is the head, has been of high repute since the early periods of English history, and the Duke of Rutland's principal seat, Belvoir Castle, is among the most famous and stately houses of the nobility.

WILTON PARK, BEACONSFIELD, BUCKS.—This stately classic mansion, surrounded by one of the finest and best timbered parks in the county, well known as having been for many years the seat of the Dore family, has been let to Mr. Henry White, First Secretary to the American Embassy, for a term of years, through the agency of J. A. Lumley and Co., of Lumley House, 34, St. James's Street, London, S.W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece: The Marchioness of Granby</i> ... ..	161, 171
<i>Elephant Catching in the Far East. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	162
<i>Cycling with Hounds. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	164
<i>Mrs. Clements, née Semiramis. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	165
<i>Books of the Day</i> ... ..	166
<i>Kestrels and Tiercel. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	167
<i>A Famous Kennel of Collies. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	169
<i>Notes from the Kennel</i> ... ..	170
<i>The Glasgow Stallion Show</i> ... ..	171
<i>On the Green</i> ... ..	171
<i>The "Test" Matches</i> ... ..	172
<i>Country Notes</i> ... ..	173
<i>Country Homes.—Gardens Old and New: Mr. Elgood's Pictures at the Fine Art Socy. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	175
<i>In Town: "One Summer's Day." (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	179
<i>Dramatic Notes</i> ... ..	180
<i>Over Field and Furrow</i> ... ..	180
<i>Literary Notes</i> ... ..	180
<i>Cycling Notes</i> ... ..	181
<i>Various Pastimes</i> ... ..	181
<i>Between the Flags</i> ... ..	182
<i>Cobnam Sires. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	182
<i>Sportive Heraldry</i> ... ..	184
<i>Lord Rothschild's Stag-grounds</i> ... ..	185
<i>Hunting v. Shooting. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	185
<i>Shooting a Big Wood. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	187
<i>Timber and their Ways. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	189
<i>Correspondence</i> ... ..	190
<i>Notes from My Diary. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	191
<i>In the Garden. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	192

## The "Test" Matches.

CERTAINLY the stars in their Antipodean courses—the Southern Cross, or whatever the malign planet is—are fighting against Mr. Stoddart's team; have fought against it so unrelentingly that even the players themselves seem to feel that they are under a spell. The hardest feature of it all is that the start was so promising. They seemed likely to do so well; and were, to tell the plain truth, so good a team. Then how is one to account for their defeat, now thrice repeated, for the planetary influences will not explain everything? A deal we must put to the blame of the "toss," which is almost equivalent to saying the planets, now thrice in succession inclining to the favour of the Australians. Then the team is suffering, no doubt, from the want of another really trustworthy bowler—an Attewell, or one of that class. It is not a large class. Hirst and Wainwright have not justified their inclusion in the team by what they have done with the ball. A steady bowler, who can go on all day, and several days, is wanted. Then, again, some of the team, very brilliant performers, lacked experience, and were rather young for the business. Of course, there has been all the trouble with Ranjitsinhji about his throat, but in spite of that he has done so well that if he were anyone else we should say it was impossible for him to do better. But the Prince, we believe, might have done more. And then the effect of ill success is accumulative. It needs to be something more or less than human to fight on when all is going crookedly. It is too much to expect. It needs a degree of valour that seems to be the special possession of the Australians.

The fourth test match itself has been especially exasperating. The start, after the lost toss, was so particularly flattering to the English hopes. But then appeared, in the person of Mr. C. Hill, the incarnation of that spirit of amazing pluck by virtue of which it seems that Australian elevens are "never beaten"—that is till the last wicket is down—and by virtue of which they have again and again turned prospective defeat into realised victory. The hardest of their critics cannot deny them this quality in an astonishing degree. Mr. Hill made 182. The Australian first innings was a "one man innings." Of the two English innings it may be said that they were no man's innings. Mr. Hill's was the score—comparatively speaking, the only score—of the match. And it came at such a time! To say it was invaluable is to praise it faintly. And in the next innings he was out, "leg before," for nought. Such is cricket.

We do not like the result of the test matches. It has been, as Mr. Stoddart himself has phrased it, "horrible"; but what

we do like and admire about the matter very much is the tone of those utterances of Mr. Stoddart's in which he dwelt on the "horrible" nature of the issue. He congratulated Australia on their success. So do we. It was noble of the captain, smarting under the sting of defeat, to be able to do so. We hope we may claim that it was as British as it was noble. He affirms his conviction that Australia has at this moment bowlers better than she has ever had before—we believe that, too—and that her bowlers know a good deal more than our English bowlers know. That, too, we are unwillingly obliged to confess. But how about their batting! Mr. Stoddart does not seem to have so much to say on that point, though really it is the point that was the salient one in all these great test matches. We took out the best, or very nearly so, of our bowling skill against the Australians, and in the face of it they made immensely big scores. Does Mr. Stoddart's reticence on this point imply a belief that if the English team had been opposed to the English bowling they, too, would have made similarly immense scores? It may be so. Though the scores made by the English side were such as would have been respectable in one of our three days' matches, a general view of the whole series of matches shows how very comparative a matter respectability is, for in comparison with the Australian totals their appearance was scarcely ever decent. But Mr. Stoddart's silence may be taken to mean that on the far better wickets that we understand exist in Australia his team ought to have made far more runs, on the hypothesis of a first-class set of bowlers—according to our conception of bowling—being arrayed over against them. It seems, however, according to Mr. Stoddart, that we are to enlarge our theory of bowling, and to set up a higher standard for that which we shall style "first-class." Richardson is to suffice us no longer; we must go to Australia, to show us Turner, or Trumble, or Spofforth, or Jones.

We believe that there is a deal of truth in it. Australia has already taught us to pitch our standard of wicket-keeping a little higher than we had set it before we were fascinated by the unerring and lightning quickness of Blackham. Spofforth's bowling was scarcely less of a revelation. And Mr. Stoddart says—and certainly he has every reason to know—that Australia is stronger in bowling now than ever before. It may well be that it is so. Where the wickets are so wonderfully perfect, it is no wonder that the bowlers should have acquired a skill little less than diabolical to get the better of the batsmen. In the mutual struggle for existence it is only on such terms that they could live. There is also something to be put to the climate's score. We live on an island of fog and rheumatism; in Australia rheumatic joints are the exception, supple muscles the rule. This is no fanciful observation; it has been a remark of many a cricketer from this country, visiting Australia, that he feels a youth and freedom in his actions unknown to him at home; and the fact "jumps with" reasonable expectation.

But, after all this is said, is there not something behind? Is there not a positive quality in the batting, by virtue of which scores of a half-thousand or so in an innings become frequent? We believe there is. We believe that there is in the Australian batting a quality not so much of execution as of sound patience and endurance that is rather lacking in our own. The slow run-getting is unattractive to watch, but it has gone far towards proving itself the sure run-getting; and, after all, the object of batting, whatever we may say of it, is to score runs. This may not be so entirely, and without modification, true in the case of our own three days' match. There it becomes a virtual necessity that the runs shall be made within decent limits of time; otherwise, cricket is likely to degenerate into the condition of perpetually drawn matches, with which the manners of a certain English county team of a few seasons back seemed to menace it. But in Australia, where there is no time limit, and the match "goes on for ever," this imperturbable patience must surely be the secret of success. To our mind it has fairly proved itself so. Our own men cannot be expected to rival it, for they have been brought up on other methods; they are playing under different conditions from those to which they have been used.

At all events, we have been soundly beaten; it is no good attempting to evade the fact, but we may make the fact serviceable if we can extract its reasons. Not the slightest of these reasons we believe to be of a moral rather than a physical nature—and this is the highest compliment that a team, Australian or English, can receive—consisting in that spirit of dogged determination to do their very best, be they victors or be they vanquished, that every member of every Australian team seems to bring with him into the field. It is not that our men are deficient in this spirit; but it seems as if it belonged in a peculiarly large measure to the Australian cricketer and to the Australian character, and inasmuch as that national character is a product, a direct descendant, and a close cousin of our own, we may take a legitimate pride in it, only a little less than if we were able to claim it in quite equal measure as our own possession.





ONE of the reputed "bowers" of "Fayre Rosamond," in the shape of the Manor House at Westenanger, is in course of alteration, if not of demolition, for the sake of providing headquarters for the Folkestone Race-course Club. Combined affection for romance and racing suggests the observation that the legends connecting the frail beauty with the neighbourhood of Hythe are open to much doubt, and that probabilities are against them. It may be true, as Higden the monk wrote, that Henry II. "made for her a house of wonderfull working, so that no man or woman might come to her. This house was named Labyrinthus, and was wrought unto a knot in a garden called a maze. But the Queen came to her by a clue of thredde, and so dealt with her that she lived not long after." But the true bower is far more likely to have been at Woodstock than at Westenanger, for Woodstock is close to Godstow, where Rosamond was buried.

The beautiful quean who, says Higden, was murdered by a jealous Queen, was, according to the same authority, "the fayre daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford," and Dryden adopted the same theory in a clever distich:

"Jane Clifford was her name, as booke's aver,  
Fair Rosamond was but her *nom de guerre*."

Apt also was the epitaph on her tomb at Godstow:

"Hic jacet in tumba Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda;  
Non redolet sed olet quae redolere solet."

It was Englished neatly by the late Dr. Brewer:

"Here Rose the graced, not Rose the chaste, reposes;  
The smell that rises is no smell of roses."

"Picture hats," especially when the wearers of them occupy the foremost rows of the stalls in theatres, have their enemies; but they are undoubtedly becoming, which covers a multitude of sins. That they are good for the modiste's trade needs not to be argued. They are expensive, and perishable; moreover, they are striking, so that the self-respecting exponent of the art of dress will not wear the same hat many times. But we confess it had never occurred to us until recently that benefit could accrue to any other trade than that of the modiste from these delicate monuments of the milliner's skill. It appears, however, that the hats of the day have given a great impetus to the coach-building trade, and that the extravagances of the Rue de Rivoli have brought joy to Long Acre, partly because the physique of Englishwomen has improved greatly, partly because their hats are so high there is a demand for increased space between the seats and the tops of broughams. Hence alterations in the level of the seat are being made in very numerous cases. To the same cause, perhaps, may be attributed the increase in the number of deep-seated and high-hooded Victorias which is noticeable in London no less than in Paris.

All the world knows that the wit and wisdom of Mr. Punch is post-prandial, and that the impromptus with which the familiar pages sparkle are debated upon with care at the weekly dinner in the traditional house in Bouverie Street. There, where Mark Lemon, and Thackeray, and Leech, and Du Maurier, and Tenniel sat years ago, younger men, such as Owen Seaman and Reed, have learned to sit of late. Now the ancient house is doomed to demolition; the dinners will go on, but the *genius loci* will be lost. Few houses in London have entertained so much wit and humour. Another house close by, that has been the scene of many important conversations, is the *Times* House in Serjeant's Inn, which, we believe, is not occupied by any member of the staff at present.

"As far as I know, the practice is unique, and I should think it comes within the Food Adulteration Acts." Such are the words of a London correspondent, who has, so he says, detected a practice among bakers of using potatoes largely in the preparation of bread. What is more, his inquiries seem to have been fairly searching, and the offenders appear to have admitted their guilt without blushing. Their excuse is that they do not use the potatoes with a view to diminish the cost of production. *Credat Judaeus!* The purely philanthropic potato is too big a lump to swallow.

Signs are not wanting that the irksome duties towards one's neighbour the dog which are involved in obedience to the muzzling order are being felt in many places, and that pressure is being brought to bear upon local authorities. Thus, while

parts of Kent have quite recently been selected and condemned to the muzzle, parts of Hereford are making formal complaint through elective bodies. The Ross Urban Council, for example, has remonstrated with the Board of Agriculture, asking that the obnoxious order might be rescinded. The Board replies that there was a case of rabies at Bicknor on October 15th—nearly four months ago—and, pompously, "The muzzling orders of the Board are issued with the object of exterminating rabies in Great Britain, and the Board would not feel justified in withdrawing them until they had reasonable grounds for supposing that object to have been achieved." This fine affectation of superiority is really too exasperating. Supposing, for a moment, that muzzling had the slightest effect in checking rabies, which we do not admit, sporadic and unsystematic muzzling could not possibly have any influence at all. We rejoice to see the local movement, for an urban council is not likely to have stirred without an impetus from the voters.

Reckless investigation into the energy cooped up in sporting cartridges has brought Mr. Murton, Chairman of the Wharf Committee of the Vestry of St. Luke's, suddenly into fame. It appears that some prodigal sportsman unknown, finding the shooting season drawing to a close, decided upon a *fin de saison* jettison of his surplus cartridges, and threw them into the dust-bin. From the bin the cartridges went to the destructor, and in the destructor some of them exploded, and a workman was injured. That is just what might have been expected. But Mr. Murton was not satisfied with the results of the first experiment and, resolved if necessary to sacrifice himself upon the altar of duty to his Vestry, he carried some of the detected cartridges to his domestic hearth. Then the "copper fire" was kindled with due ceremony, and Mr. Murton, opening the furnace door, hurled a cartridge, which we will call Shadrach, into the burning fiery furnace, and closed the door again. In other words, Mr. Murton took every available means to bring about a severe explosion. He succeeded. The furnace door and several bricks came hurtling round the devoted Vestryman. There is a name besides local patriotism which suits conduct of this kind.

Are there any limits to the achievements of man in teaching that most intelligent of inarticulate creatures the dog, and can the dog be taught the highest accomplishments by any other methods than those of kindness? A visit to Messrs. Barnum and Bailey's show at Olympia, which involves some suffering, since the smells are horrible and all-pervading, will convince any person that limits there are none, and that kindness is obviously the foundation of the system of education. Nothing is more clear than that the dogs, which are clever beyond belief, thoroughly enjoy the extraordinary antics which they perform. There is, for example, a fox-terrier who turns complete somersaults backwards with manifest delight, and another dog who butts a light football to and fro with obvious lightness of heart. But the star among the canine performers is a skirt dancer, a French poodle so far as can be guessed from the small amount of dog that is visible. His, or her, exhibition is deliciously complete and full of gentle satire, and the manner in which he flies to his master when the time comes for him to be freed from his finery causes healthy laughter.

The hold which up-river life has acquired over the tastes of young English men and women is curiously exemplified by the so-called yachting exhibition now in progress at the Royal Aquarium. Of yachts, of course, little or nothing is to be seen, but of the apparatus of comfort for those who know every reach of the Thames and Isis from Lechlade to Richmond there is a varied display. In sailing punts there are some noteworthy improvements in the shape of sliding keels at the sides, a sort of combination of the principle of the centre-board and the lee-board. In river boats generally it may be taken that perfection of idea has been reached long ago, but in the matter of elegance of workmanship advances are made every year. Of fishing rods and tackle also there are many specimens, and the exhibition is well worthy of a visit.

It requires an extensive tragedy to make us realise the danger of sport, but the statistics lately published of the deaths from wild animals in India would convince anyone. As many as 24,000 people are reported as killed by the inferior creatures, snakes being responsible for the larger number. This is perhaps not wonderful, considering the unshod feet and careless fatalism among the natives, but what most astonishes in the statistics are the number of deaths due to wolves. It is reported that the Government are devising an enormous hunt of these cowardly beasts, which in the ordinary course of things are just shy enough and clever to escape from the casual hunter. May the hunt come off; but, however well devised the scheme, it will not be an easy task to beat systematically the penetralia of the haunts of the wolves.

In reference to the untimely death of that promising young officer, Captain T. M. Dickinson, R.A., the first duty that lies before us is to express sympathy with his family and friends. But a duty to the community remains also to be performed. Captain Dickinson, dining on board the Midland express from the North, ate apricots tinned in America, and on the next day he died of ptomaine poisoning. Ptomaine poison is frequently due to imperfection in the preservation of meat or fruit in tinned receptacles. That much, at any rate, was established at the inquest. Now, it is a conspicuous and lamentable fact that ptomaine poisoning has increased very largely since the Americans have set themselves seriously to work to usurp the tin-plate trade of South Wales; and there is ground for something more than suspicion that they have never yet succeeded in learning the secret of making non-poisonous plates. Captain Dickinson's death is by no means singular, but it has naturally attracted much attention, and it is to be hoped that it will not be forgotten. Tinned fruits and meats and fish are tempting to the pocket and, in a less degree, to the palate, but they ought to be strictly tabooed by every prudent housekeeper.

The Southport meeting failed to throw light on the Waterloo tangle, and it is generally conceded that the event is likely to prove the most open one of recent years. Several declarations have been made as to the filling of nominations, and it is quite possible that at least four of the greyhounds sold at the Barbican on Saturday will find places in the select sixty-four. The principal one of these was White Hawk, a dog that, if looks count, is just the one to run into the last round. He has filled out since last year, when he ran at Altcar as a puppy, and as he has since won several stakes, Mr. Hamar Bass, his purchaser, made no extravagant outlay in bidding 270 guineas. He will, of course, fill the Burton course's nomination. The Duke of Leeds also made several purchases, and he will, no doubt, run either Rum Punch or Willing Wench, the latter a winner at Southport two days previously. Another likely Waterlooper that changed hands was What's the Matter, purchased by Mr. G. W. White, of the Stock Exchange. The hammer fell in this case at 120 guineas. The anxiety of those present to bid for the best lots clearly proved that the sport has not yet entered on its last days. The draft sent down by Mr. Waters alone realised over 1,200 guineas.

A very important committee has been sitting during the past week at the Westminster Palace Hotel to consider the question of the national storage of wheat. In the present disturbed state of foreign affairs, no more important question could possibly be discussed. Some of the newspapers, when wheat went up to 40s. some few weeks ago, talked about "famine prices." This is only a sample of the usual ignorance of matters agricultural which is invariably shown by many writers in the London Press. The first effect of a big naval war would probably be to send up the price at once to three times the amount. During the Napoleonic wars at the beginning of the century, when we were growing pretty well all the wheat we wanted, the annual averages stood much higher than that for years together. During the Crimean War, although Russia had no fleet worth speaking of, the price went up to 100s. a quarter.

But consider our position just now. We probably grow about one-fifth of the breadstuffs we require. As one of the witnesses pointed out last week, our corn ships could only move under convoy, and rates for insurance would jump up by leaps and bounds. It was given in evidence before the committee that we have often not more than three weeks' supply in stock. What would this mean if war broke out suddenly? The general consensus of opinion was in favour of a bounty on the growth of English wheat. Storage was deprecated by experts, and we take leave to think on very good grounds. But why do people go such roundabout ways to get what they want? A small sliding-scale duty could easily be arranged to keep prices somewhere near 40s. a quarter, and if the British farmer could be guaranteed any such price, the acreage of wheat would double itself in a very few years. Much of the land which was devoted to the growing of wheat has laid itself down to rough pasture. If this were broken up again it would produce fine crops, as much nitrogen is stored up in a few years in this way.

Strange, indeed, and of infinite variety are the objects which come under the hammer of Mr. Stevens, of Covent Garden. Now Dutch bulbs—a thousand-fold less costly than of yore—then mummies purporting to represent a Ptolemy or a Pharaoh, then one or other of the great auk's eggs is offered to the public, and the bidding is a revelation of many strange forms of the ruling passion. This week a skeleton of that extinct bird the moa was put up, and realised, if we may venture on the expression, £4 and no moa. A half-shell of the moa's egg, however, fetched £3, and was, we imagine, the first example of value in

a mere fragment of an egg. But your buyer of naturalists' curiosities is, it would seem, either less lavish or less rich than the bibliophiles. At Edinburgh on Monday a first Kilmarnock edition of Burns fetched, it is reported, 545 guineas; and it was uncut! This is luxury not culture.

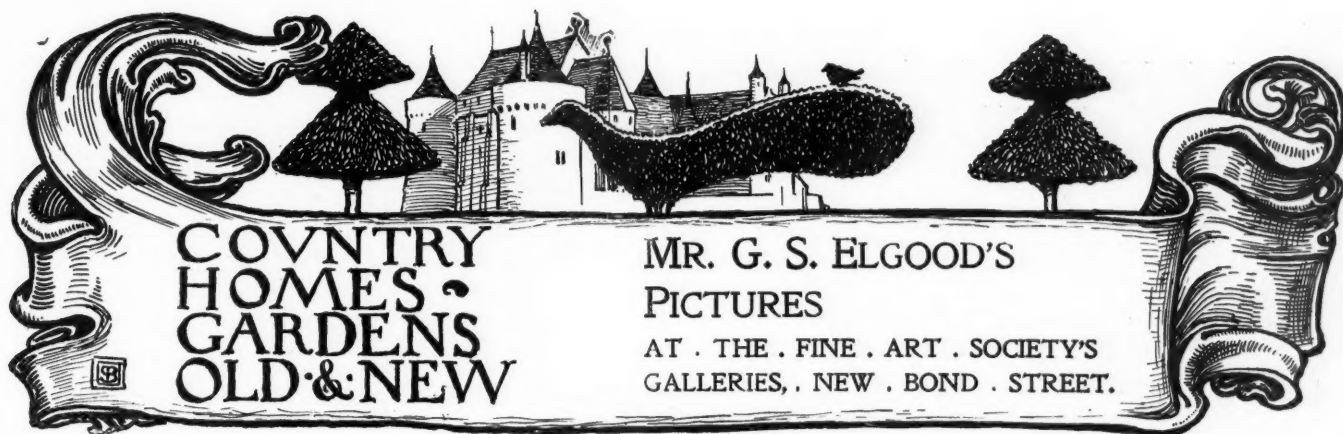
There is an old-standing tradition to the effect that the native place of the elephant is either Africa or Asia, but recent experiments at Olympia have shown that there are Scotch elephants also, and that they will not "whistle on the Sawbath." On Sunday last the authorities attempted to prove by practical demonstration how much an elephant could pull, but they demonstrated nothing except the superior sagacity of the elephant, his disinclination to work overtime, and his respect for the Scriptures. Mandarin, who is said to be bigger than Jumbo, would do work no harder than a common cart-horse. He leaned forward lazily and stirred a ton and a bittock—a mere pinch of spuff for an elephant. The Babe, of less size but impetuous after the manner of her sex, moved five tons and more, and then, while she lost her temper, the spectators lost their nerve and vanished in all directions. Returning, they knew how much the Babe was disposed to move, but the limit of her powers remained a secret. Then the elephants sat down and smiled under their tusks, for, to their immense delight, more than a hundred men pulled against the dial and, not once but twice, broke the rope and measured their lengths upon the tan of the arena. As an American bystander observed, "No self-respecting elephant would do that, especially on Sunday." Observe the sagacity of the Babe. She stopped just before the breaking point; the men went on pulling past it; the men fell into the trap; the Babe avoided it.

A hint that may be of use to those who are planning a new garden was suggested to the writer lately by the sight of an old pollarded tree completely covered by a rich growth of honeysuckle. At this season the climber was, of course, not in flower or full beauty, though its leaves were well grown, only, probably, to be nipped by the winds of spring. But a little later, in the glory of its full flower, this cannot fail to have a charming effect. It is too much the habit of those who are clearing a prospective flower garden of trees to cut them ruthlessly down to the very roots, whereas, if a stump were left, of the nature of this pollarded tree, it might prove in the future the support of a most beautiful climbing plant. The trouble is that one is always in too great a hurry, considering the immediate aspect too much, and the future too little, so that one often sacrifices features that one would give a good deal, when it is too late, to be able to replace.

The value of some warm red brickwork, in the steps and paths of a garden, is a feature that is too little appreciated. A garden must be one of two kinds, the formal or the wild. To attempt a confusion of the two is to court an appearance of untidiness. In the formal garden the occasional brickwork is particularly attractive, harmonising well with the green that will form the prevailing tint, and yet furnishing an effective contrast. In the wild garden, of course, the trim brickwork will be less in keeping, unless in the form of a *soi-disant* ruined column, which sometimes makes a good support for the growth of climbing things.

It is not a little singular, seeing how mild the weather has been, that the pike fisher, who generally deems his fresh-water shark likely to be in the most voracious appetite when the air has at least a touch of frost in it, should have been rather more than usually successful in the winter that is in course of passing away. The Norfolk Broads have given up a monster of 28lb., the Thames—a river that is getting a better all-round reputation, piscatorially, than it used to enjoy—a fish of 26lb., and numbers of lesser weight. To attempt prophecy of fishing affairs is as bad a business as forecasting the weather, but all that we can see leads us to have good hope of the prospects of fishing sport in the coming year. In some parts fishing, both of salmon and trout, has commenced. The Devonshire trout, which should have been well in condition on February 1st—their opening day—in such a season as this, are said to be giving some sport already, and the rivers of the West have held sufficient water both for the down-going of salmon from the spawning-beds and for the up-coming of fresh-run spring fish from the sea. Far otherwise has it been in the North, where the rivers have been grievously low, and prospects and realised sport poor in proportion. A few have caught trout, which they should not have done, and have taken pride in it. But we believe that Parliament is going to do its duty, and pass an Act to give the Scotch trout a very well-deserved close season. And when they try to enforce that Act, will there not just be some nice rows between the law and the "gentle angler"? Enforced it will have to be, however, in the interests of the sport; and the "gentle angler" will have to be educated to realise the necessity.





SINCE Mr. Elgood held his last exhibition of garden pictures, three years ago, he has wandered far afield in search of subjects, and in the present collection on view in the galleries of the Fine Art Society, in New Bond Street, studies painted in Amalfi and Palermo, in Florence and Padua, hang side by side with drawings of beautiful old English gardens, such as those of Hardwick, Great Tangle, Easton, and Loseley. Mr. Elgood has apparently lost none of his old executive skill, and he is as dexterous as ever in his management of involved masses of flowers and foliage, than which there are few things more difficult to paint. His colour has appreciably improved, and his work seems more sympathetic than it was, especially when he deals with English subjects.

And it is Mr. Elgood's studies in the gardens of England which appeal most strongly to English sympathies. Take, for instance, the picture of GREAT TANGLE MANOR HOUSE, an ancient half-timbered mansion, seen across the green waters of a placid moat, spanned by an old wooden bridge with a quaint tiled roof. The time is late autumn, the trees are almost bare, and the sky is cold and grey, yet there is a certain charm about the landscape which is absent from the Italian pictures hanging on the same wall, in spite of their gay colour and suggestions of

brilliant sunshine. One feels that the artist painted Great Tangle for sheer love of the place and its surroundings, and that he sketched the Italian gardens simply because he happened to find in them excellent subjects for pictures.

Great Tangle Manor House, which figures in several of Mr. Elgood's pictures, is a beautiful old place in Surrey, not far from Guildford. It is the seat of Mr. Wickham Flower, who has since the opening of the exhibition become the possessor of the picture already described and reproduced in one of the illustrations accompanying this article. Another aspect of Mr. Wickham Flower's house, with its quaint gables and black beams half-hidden by yellowing vine leaves, may be seen in THE FORECOURT, GREAT TANGLE, of which a reproduction is also given. Here the leaded casements look out upon a lawn, level and green, a fitting foil for the brilliant hues of the autumn flowers which flourish round its borders. There is some excellent colour in this picture, notably in the extreme foreground, where the artist renders very skilfully that peculiarly blue tone of green which the foliage of the rose bush displays in certain lights. Mr. Elgood shows how skilfully he can treat broken masses of colour in the study of MICHAELMAS DAISIES, made in the garden of Great Tangle, where white and the palest pink blend



JUNE ROSES, NEWLANDS.

harmoniously with delicate shades of lavender and mauve.

Close by the "Michaelmas Daisies" hangs *LOSELEY*, a picture of a Surrey house, more famous, if not more beautiful, than Great Tangle Manor. Loseley has been sketched from the garden, and the old house, with its tall red chimneys and many grey-roofed gables, is seen over a long straight-cut hedge, the lines of which are happily broken by giant sunflowers that lift their golden heads above its top. Loseley has sheltered many Royal personages in bygone days, and Queen Elizabeth is said to have visited the house in 1577. The place is curiously connected in another way with the memory of the Virgin Queen. According to the Hon. Alicia Amherst, who quotes from some unpublished Loseley manuscripts, in her admirable "History of Gardening in England," Henry Sledd, Elizabeth's fishmonger, wrote in December, 1581, to Sir William More, the then owner of Loseley, offering to buy fish from his ponds for the Queen's table. Master Sledd offers from 12d. to 18d. apiece for the fish, and adds, "yf I see they be more worthe . . . I will mend the pryse." Sir William More appears to have been an authority on fish-ponds, for, in the later years of the sixteenth century, Sir Thomas Cecil wrote to him on the subject from Wimbledon. Sir Thomas had heard that "divers great pools" had been made at Loseley, and he therefore begs Sir William More "to procure him one skilful therein, as certain bankes he has made this year, about a great pool, have given way, through unskilfulness of the workmen."

In *THE DEAN'S GARDEN, ROCHESTER*, Mr. Elgood shows us the domain of a great authority upon flowers in general, and roses in particular. The artist sketched the Rochester garden at a time when the roses were blooming luxuriantly, and when the "long border of herbaceous flowers, some 3yds. in width and 80yds. in length," of which Dean Hole has told us, was filled to overflowing with blossoms of every kind and hue. The Deanery, with its red walls half covered with ivy, can be seen in the



*MICHAELMAS DAISIES.*

background, and on the right, above a straggling bush of pale pink roses, rises the square tower of the cathedral. The Rochester garden appears to have had a special attraction for Mr. Elgood, for there is a second sketch of it in the gallery. The artist probably shares many sympathies with Dean Hole, who has taken a great interest in the present exhibition, to which he has already paid several visits. Mr. Elgood does not show us on this occasion many pictures of the more imposing English gardens—the great show-places of the country—although there are few of them that he has not sketched at some time or another. There are, however, some studies made in the grounds of Hardwick Hall, notably one of the famous yew walk, with a



*GREAT TANGLEY MANOR HOUSE.*





THE FORECOURT, GREAT TANGLEY.

glimpse in the distance of the palace erected by the imperious "Bess of Hardwick." Mr. Elgood has made a charming drawing, too, of THE TERRACE AT RENISHAW, the Derbyshire home of the Sitwells for 500 years. He renders with singular delicacy the hollyhocks, poppies, and other flowers which grow in the border under the terrace.

Perhaps few of the pictures are more interesting than those painted in Lady Warwick's garden at Easton. In one of these, STONE HALL, EASTON PARK, Mr. Elgood shows us the beautiful "Garden of Friendship," about which the Countess herself has more than once written, and where, to quote from one of her recent articles, ". . . the kindly gifts of friends are memorialised on

heart-shaped labels. An apple tree stands in the middle, up which a brilliant red honeysuckle twines, and around are hung mottoes and fancies, redolent of the true friendship that poets sing of, and that philosophers find so rare." Among the flowers and lawns stands the Stone Hall, an ancient garden-house, whose red-tiled roof, half-hidden under an enormous mass of ever-encroaching ivy, may be seen above the bushes on the right of the picture. The Stone Hall is quaintly furnished, and its chatelaine sometimes, though very rarely, entertains a party of children within its walls. Here, too, the Countess keeps her "Garden Library," where, on oak shelves, repose all the books, ancient and modern, which she has been able to collect concern-

ing the art and practice of gardening. The surroundings of Stone Hall are in keeping with the place itself. The tall yew hedge is pierced by a curious archway, and there is an ancient wooden seat round one of the trees, which makes a beautiful piece of colour in the picture. The seat is of that exquisite blue to which green paint fades after many years' exposure to wind and weather, a blue which is at once the envy and the despair of the painter. Lady Warwick has carried out many fanciful ideas in this Essex garden. To her, the most interesting of these is the Shakespeare border, in which flourish the many flowers and herbs of which the great poet has written so lovingly—the "Roserie," full of old-fashioned roses, the Damask, the Provence, the Moss, the Bourbon, and the China; and the "Border of Sentiment," where together grow basil, white clover, balm, heath, blue salvia, wild yellow heartsease, veronica, and foxglove. Mr. Elgood sketches in another picture the remarkable sundial in Lady Warwick's "Garden of Friendship," a sundial with a gnomon of clipped yew, the numerals cut out and trimmed in box, and surrounded by the motto, "Les heures heuruses ne comptent pas." To Lady Warwick the words of the motto, upon which the white pigeons shown in Mr. Elgood's picture have settled, have a peculiar significance. "They were outlined for me," she writes, "in baby



STONE HALL, EASTON PARK.

sprigs of box, by a friend who is no more, who loved my garden and was good to it." This secluded lawn, with its singular sundial and its gay flower-beds, must surely be one of the happiest of places, and one can imagine that the visitor to Easton must sometimes feel as Dean Hole did when he saw for the first time the glories of a more stately garden, that of the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir. "I should have liked," said the Dean, "to have stopped Time himself, at Belvoir, placed the garden roller in front of his scythe, and so prolonged that happy day."

In simple wealth of flowers, the gardens at Newlands Manor seem to excel all the others that Mr. Elgood has sketched. Newlands is in Hampshire, close to the sea, near Lymington, and is the property of Mrs. Cornwallis West, who takes the keenest interest in her beautiful garden. Here, as the artist shows us, in JUNE ROSES, the carnations and the lilies grow in rich profusion, by the sides of paths, overshadowed by arches, covered with clustering roses.

Mr. Elgood makes a practice of spending several months of each year in Italy, and he is therefore enabled to work out of doors, from January to December, without intermission. He is a fortunate man, for a pleasanter life for an artist can scarcely be imagined than to paint through all the long summer days in the gardens of rural England, and later, when the autumn winds blow coldly, to pack up paints and brushes, and hasten away to spend the winter sketching in Italian sunshine. There are plenty of evidences in the present exhibition of the work done during these winters in Italy,



LOSELEY.

studies, for instance, such as the "San Lazzaro, Venice," with its glimpses of the blue Adriatic through arches of foliage; or the "Villa near Sorrento," with its garden perched on the top of a steep cliff. The Italian pictures are so bright and pure in colour, and so full of atmosphere, that it is difficult to understand why they do not exercise as great a charm as the studies made in Surrey, in Essex, or in Hampshire, but the fact remains that they do not. Here and there among these pictures one comes across little studies of flowers, in which, perhaps, Mr. Elgood's art shows to even greater advantage than in his more ambitious work. One of the best of these, the "Michaelmas Daisies, Tangley," has already been referred to, but others of a similar type are the "Sun-flowers" (76), the "Carnations" (69), and the charming little "Cottage Garden" (80), in which the execution is singularly crisp and direct, and the colour at once strong and delicate.

It is said that Mr. Elgood has almost exhausted the finer English gardens, and this has been assigned as one reason why the Italian pictures are so numerous in the present collection. Can he not be induced to paint a series of humbler English gardens? Not those of the cottagers, perhaps, although these are, in their own way, exquisite enough, but rather the country gardens of a more ordinary type—the gardens of the farm-house and the rectory. There are hundreds of farm-house gardens in the southern English counties, not so stately perhaps as those which Mr. Elgood delights to paint, but yet with a more than sufficient charm and dignity of their own, with backgrounds of great thatched barns, and ancient houses of unsurpassable beauty. A garden may be picturesque even though its owner cannot devote to it the thirty acres of ground which the great Lord Bacon held to be necessary for the purpose.

A modest garden of this kind the writer remembers seeing last autumn. The old-fashioned and beautiful house to which it was attached was perched on the top of a hill just above the valley of the Arun, and the window looking southward commanded the wide prospect of—

"Green Sussex fading into blue,  
And one gray glimpse of sea."

The garden was in extent about two acres, and was full of simple country flowers and gnarled, lichen-covered fruit trees. With its turf-edged walks and green arbours, and its occasional glimpses of barns and stacks and of the ancient house itself, this garden offered endless subjects for the painter. Everything about the place was beautiful, and the landscape, as seen from the front of the house, formed the subject of one of the finest pastoral pictures shown last year at the New Gallery.



THE DEAN'S GARDEN, ROCHESTER.



THE TERRACE AT RENISHAW.





## "One Summer's Day."

WILL anyone who has given thought to the subject deny that in Mr. H. V. Esmond's play, "One Summer's Day," at the Comedy Theatre, we have the nearest approach to Robertson, to the Robertson method, of any work seen in the present generation? In the pretty and unaffected pathos of the story, in the skill of its characterisation, Mr. Pinero's "Sweet Lavender" was closely akin to the style of the great dramatic reformer, but "Sweet Lavender" is too brilliant in its language, too clever in its treatment, to form a real parallel. Simplicity, absolute truth to nature was the Robertson trade mark, dialogue graceful and admirably expressive, quiet humour and sentiment—all charming, delightful, but not brilliant. In every point we find their analogue in "One Summer's Day." The story is simple to the degree of thinness; the dialogue is touching and humorous, exactly in the same measure as was Tom Robertson's; the pathos and the humour are of the quality, the exact quality, of his. Like him, Mr. Esmond relies for his effects almost entirely on manner, not on matter; he compels our tears and our smiles in the same quiet but irresistible way; it is nature, nature, nature, almost artless in its straightforwardness—but it is that artlessness that is a high form of art.

What is the story of "Caste"? A gentleman marries a stage dancer; he is an officer, and is called away to fight; he is reported killed, mourned for; he returns. That is all. Yet how beautiful, how infinitely poignant! What is the story of "One Summer's Day"? A young middle-aged man takes the child of a dead friend, which he learns to idolise; he loves a sweet girl who returns his love; he does not speak—he thinks himself too old, his life belongs to the boy. She eats her heart out, tries to let him see how gladly she would be his wife, but he is blind. To make her and his friend happy, he influences her to engage herself to his chum; for a time she does him the great wrong of suspecting him of an unworthy attachment to a gipsy girl, of being the boy's father. They are almost irrevocably parted, but "kiddie"—"kiddie," whom we do not see, but whom we, too, are made to love by the skill and earnestness of the author—dies, and they are brought together. Robertson himself might have been the author of all this, and might have been proud of it. It is so simple. The men and women are real men and real women. It is the common-place of life made beautiful by the pen of an artist, an artist who never strives to be great, and so never over-reaches himself.

I should not care to be brought into very close contact with a man who has not that tell-tale little lump in his throat during the last scene of "One Summer's Day." "Kiddie is dead. . . . Oh, my dear, my dear!" There is no more attempt at pathetic writing than that, yet it goes straight home; the effect is gained, it is real, we feel it. Robertson, who makes his long-lost hero return bringing in the milk, would have written it just so.

As with the sentiment, so with the fun. It is unforced, unstaged, spontaneous, gossamer. It is not extraordinarily humorous, certainly not witty, not planned and led up to—in short, it is real; it is the fun that anyone of us might indulge in; we meet it every day in life, not on the stage, it is too true for that. The scene of the picnic on the Thames island is the most natural thing of the kind I remember to have seen; it is just what happens. But how rare it is to see just what happens; it seems easy to depict it, but it must be very difficult. And so throughout, Nature, simplicity, humanity—Robertson over again. More, if you please, Mr. Esmond, more.

Continuing our parallel, Mr. Esmond's work resembles Robertson's inasmuch as it must be rendered by actors in thorough sympathy with his method; his lightness and delicacy must be theirs; a heavy hand would ruin his work; there must be a complete absence of straining for effect—that would spoil all; everything must come without being sought for; voice, bearing, manner, must be those we hear and see around us; otherwise, to argue by opposites, as well speak blank verse without emphasis. Mr. Esmond has been fortunate in his



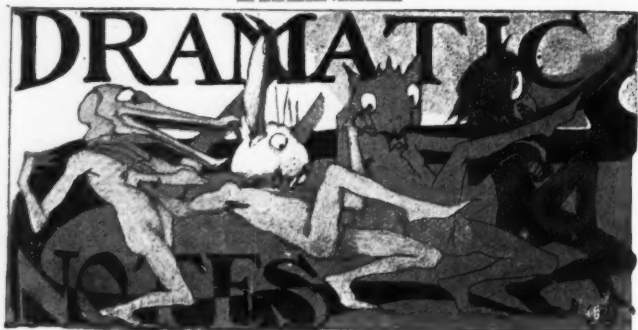
Photo. by A. Ellis, MISS EVA MOORE. Upper Baker Street.

interpreters. The most wilful and irrepressible of our actors of farce has made himself the sweetest, dearest fellow imaginable, has thrown off all his exaggeration and mannerisms—capital as they are—to do justice to this tender, chivalrous English gentleman. Mr. Charles Hawtrey has done more to win for himself a permanent place in the affections of his public—and affection counts for a very great deal—in "One Summer's Day," than by all his brilliant and mercurial work that preceded it. It was a great surprise to many that Mr. Hawtrey could give us so perfect a piece of acting of this kind; but those who had studied him more closely were not astonished. Anyhow, there it is—delightful.

In equal degree must praise be given to Miss Eva Moore, for she, too, brings to her work a sensitiveness, a charm, a womanliness and fidelity to truth that are denied to many actresses who loom much more largely in the public eye—and who very likely could reach heights that Miss Moore, Mrs. Esmond, could not reach. I have seen her in comic-opera, in farce, in high comedy of the powder period, and in each Miss Moore has been beyond the shadow of cavil. And for such a character as the heroine of "One Summer's Day" she has a sympathy and a power of reaching the hearts of her audience that not half a dozen actresses on the English stage to-day could hope to equal. There is a meaning in her every glance, every inflection of her voice; in sunshine or in shadow she brings before us a living, breathing woman.

For the rest, the play is well acted in all the characters, though it would be impossible to hope for a child to make the child of Mr. Esmond's fancy, really childish; one has to let one's own imagination do the greater part of the work. Master

Bottomley is a clever little fellow, but one cannot expect him to present to us that delightful gipsy imp as we picture him in our mind's eye. The river scenes bring peace and contentment in themselves; they are charming stage pictures. B. L.



THE announcement that Mr. Tree is so delighted with the success of "Julius Caesar" that he intends to give Shakespeare another chance by staging "King John" is good news indeed. To have the works of our great poet-dramatist treated as they are treated at Her Majesty's Theatre is a credit to the manager that gives and the public that receives. Never in the history of the stage, as far as one can gather from the records, has there been an era to equal the era which has held the long series of classical revivals at the Lyceum; and now it seems that Mr. Tree is going to carry on the good work. "King John" will be a very interesting production, for it is long since it has been placed on the London stage. We shall have to wait some time for it, as Mr. Tree's arrangements are made long ahead, but it is worth waiting for.

We are all on the *qui vive* for the production of "22A, Curzon Street, Mayfair," for it will be the first work from the pen of Mr. Brandon Thomas since he gave "Charley's Aunt" to an admiring world. That piece was the most phenomenally successful, perhaps, that has ever been seen in the whole history of the stage since the drama was born. One does not realise that, and when one comes to think of it, what an extraordinary thing that is. Mr. Brickwell, the manager of the Garrick Theatre, may be congratulated on having the chance of doing the next play by the author who has achieved this record. Of course, there is always the danger of failure, even in works of the most successful authors, but Mr. Thomas is so witty and brilliant a man, he is moreover an actor of very great talent, and so knows the technique of the stage, that the chances are minimised in his case. A very fine company will interpret the piece at the Garrick. For the first time, I believe, we shall see Miss Fanny Brough and Miss Lottie Venne in the same play. Our theatre boasts no better humorists. Mr. Arthur Bourchier has a pleasant touch, and is in every way a capital light comedian; Mr. Martin Harvey is a young actor who has made exceptionally rapid strides to the front; Mr. Cairns James is an eccentric actor of whom we have not lately seen as much as we should have liked; and Miss Fanny Coleman, whom we all know and admire, will be found therein.

When you have no case, attack the other man's attorney; when the theatrical commentator has no theatres to write about, let him abuse the other theatrical commentators. That is seemingly Mr. William Archer's principle. With the *World* for his vehicle he attacks the mere others whose methods are not the methods of Mr. William Archer, attacks them because they are less leisurely, more actual than himself. Mr. Archer is a scholar and a brilliant writer, but it is to be doubted if his erudite articles do not owe as much to the time he has at his disposal for reference and research as to the merit of his pellucid but somewhat ponderous style. Mr. Archer should remember that it is not the weekly reviewer who has made the theatre a power, but the men who write about it on the spur of the moment, the Clement Scotts, the Addison Brights, the "Caradoses." They have made the theatre the popular institution it is, and, were it less popular, there would be less demand for weekly comments upon it; wouldn't there?

On Wednesday afternoon, the 16th inst., Mr. George Alexander produces "Much Ado About Nothing" at the St. James's Theatre. On the following evening, and onwards, it will form the nightly programme.

Mr. Maurice Barrymore, the famous American actor, who is already well known here, will play the chief character in the American drama, "The Heat of Maryland," when it is presented at the Adelphi.

This (Saturday) evening, the English version of the French comedy, "Jalousie," will be produced at the Duke of York's Theatre.

## O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.

TOWARDS the close of the season I always grow restless and enterprising. When, too, the season is as open as the present one I am not indifferent to the chance of cadging a mount. Last Tuesday, a lucky day in a month which has always been a fortunate one for me in the hunting-field, I found myself jogging off on a borrowed horse with a high character to meet the North Warwickshire. They were in the cream of their country. There is much wood in the North Warwickshire, there is a good deal of plough, but there is a corner round Dunchurch which is as good as any happy hunting grounds in England. I wanted to see the North Warwickshire bitch pack, and I wanted to see Carr, who had been spoken of to me as one of the most rising huntsmen, handle them. Of all things I like best to see a huntsman who can sit still at times. Hounds are not far from a beaten fox, scent is poor as it often is, then a blast of the horn, most of all a view-holloa, and an attempt to lift them, and all is over. Sit quiet, and hounds will generally kill their fox if he stays above ground. Now that is exactly what Carr did at the critical moment; he sat quiet, and it was entirely due to his judgment that he handled his second and best fox. But space demands brevity, ignorance of the country forbids geography. Yet I do know that the covert first drawn is called Leicester Piece, that the wood we ran to and from is named Frankton. Moreover, I know that I galloped for close on fifty minutes, crossed a railway, and that I saw Mr. Muntz and the pick of Hurlingham going hard, Captain Renton, the Messrs. Miller, and Mr. Mackey run after the hounds as after the polo ball, and Mr. T. Drage, who goes well, and is the cause of others going also, seeing he finds us some of our best horses.

The day was hot to a degree more like August with the Devon and Somerset. The second fox was an outlier. It was too bad of him to cross a brook just at the beginning. Of the men who essayed only one got over with his horse. No, hounds are not running fast, and it is not fair on another man's horse—we know all the excuses—but there was "another way," and I was soon shouldering through the gates amid an eager field. I regret to say that we were several times more mixed up with hounds than was quite seemly in a field that ought to have known better, but the run straightened itself out by degrees, and a faster pace obliged us to follow across, not through, the country. The kill was in an orchard; the time, an hour and a "bittock." The country of the best, so was the sport.

The Melton Ball is a great reunion of hunting folk, and was a great success this year. But, for my own part, I believe that dancing and hunting are two men's work, and, therefore, I turn to the morning meet at Egerton Lodge. I cannot tell you everyone who was there, for that would be, even with the imperfect list I could give, to fill half a column. I will just pick out the (comparative) strangers. Lord Villiers (from the Bicester), Lady Hastings, Lady Ancester, Lord Robert Manners (K.R.R.), Sir Francis Montefiore, Captain Hugh Fraser, still showing signs of his fall, and everyone else you can think of that ever hunts or has hunted in Leicestershire. The Melton Mowbray folk had a fine pageant as Lord Lonsdale led his chivalry through the streets on their way to the Welby Osier Beds. It was Saxelbye, however, that gave the fox to run over the grass, which held a good scent after the morning snow had melted in the warm rays of a February sun. The run which followed was what is called a good old-fashioned hunt of some two hours, which was worked out mostly in the Melton country of the Belvoir, so that we were on familiar ground. Ever and anon hounds would drive forward as if they meant to run hard, then again an easy canter was fast enough. With so many people out you had to jump if you wanted to see hounds, as the gates were horribly congested. I should think Waltham was our furthest point, and then we began to work back, giving Melton another view, till we came almost to Welby Osier Bed again, and killed a well-earned fox somewhere in the Kirby Vale. The afternoon run from Ashby Pastures to ground near Dalby I did not see, so will say nothing about.

The large crowd which usually attends the Friday fixtures of the Southdown Foxhounds was conspicuous by its absence on the penultimate day of last week. The meet on this occasion was at the pretty little village of Edburton, which, "being close to the ridge of a noble down," is snugly sheltered from the too-frequent south-west gales which bring such havoc to those who live on the other side of the hills. The weather, no doubt, was responsible for so few people putting in an appearance, for a biting northerly wind was blowing cold showers of rain and sleet before it, which made the ride to the meet far from pleasant. A move was first of all made to the little cover hard by, and, fortunately, hounds were not long in finding, for we had no mind for dragging about from cover to cover in this wintry weather. At first it seemed as if there were little scent, for the fox was on foot for several minutes before hounds spoke to his line. Presently, however, he was viewed away, and by the time we had galloped round to the far end of the cover we saw hounds streaming away over the grass nearly a field ahead of us. It was evident from the first that if we wished to keep with them we must gallop hard, for the grass held a good scent and the pack soon settled down to run in earnest. Fulking and Poynings were left a little to the right, and it began to look as if one of the gorse covers on the downs were our fox's point, but on reaching Newtimber Hill he turned short back. This threw many of the field out, for it was thought the fox had deserted the vale country for the hills. The line now took hounds back to the cover in which they had found their quarry, but they gave him no peace here, and he soon retraced his steps towards Newtimber, where he was killed after a capital hunt of over an hour. A short trot now brought us to Danny Park, and Randolph's Copse was tried, but it did not hold, so we proceeded to the inevitable Shaves Wood, which did not fail to sustain its reputation, for a fox was quickly found; he probably put up one or two companions, but hounds managed to stick to a little dark specimen of the race, which they ran for fully an hour "in and out, around about" the neighbouring covers, for their quarry would never go for half-a-mile in the same direction, and at last began to run very short indeed, then, finding that he could not evade his pursuers in this manner, he sought shelter in an earth just outside the cover. Digging operations now commenced, but, as there was every prospect of a long delay, I turned my horse's head towards home, and in consequence did not see if the fate that this fox so richly deserved overtook him or not. X.



IT is a distinct pleasure to acknowledge the energy and the judgment which has been shown by the authorities of the British Museum in acquiring, during the last few months, valuable additions to its stock of genuine Caxtons. First among these is a paper "Doctrinal of Sapience," not rare, for at least eleven other copies, including one on vellum in the Royal Library at Windsor, are known to exist. Still, none of these copies were in the temple of books at Bloomsbury. Next comes John Lydgate's "Court of Sapience," one of three copies, the remaining two being in the possession of Mrs. Rylands and St. John's College respectively. The last is the third edition of the *Disticha de Moribus* of Dionysius Cato, which contains two woodcuts. One of these displays the ancient "instrument of education," as the head-master of Harrow has been known to call the birch-rod. Others describe it as a "tonic," but educational stimulants are not now administered so frequently or so vigorously as in days gone by. Close to the three new Caxtons are exhibited, in the King's Library, some really interesting quartos printed by Wynkyn de Worde. One of these, "The Converyon of Swerers," by Stephen Hawes, might be reprinted with advantage.

Mr. William Archer and Mr. Edmund Gosse have almost come to close grips on the subject of "Some Living Poets," upon which the former gentleman lectured before the Women Journalists' Association. Mr. Gosse complains that Mr. Archer neglected a whole generation of poets; Mr. Archer replies that he had not time to mention them, although no less a person than Mr. Austin Dobson was among them. The answer was not convincing. Want of time



might account for the omission of a few names, but not for silence as to the whole period between 1860 and 1870. But the period will survive.

One of Mr. Archer's chosen, however, was Mr. William Ernest Henley, whose poetry, to my mind infinitely preferable to his prose, is full of manly strength and sweet music, and, in this connection, it is pleasant to observe that Mr. David Nutt is about to bring out in one volume the "Collected Poems" of Mr. Henley. A photogravure frontispiece taken from Rodin's bust of Mr. Henley will give additional interest to the volume.

The new novel which is to be issued early next week by Messrs. Hutchinson is a book which will be eagerly awaited in many quarters, for it is the work of Mrs. Mannington Caffyn, the author of "A Yellow Aster." Mrs. Caffyn's books invariably rouse keen controversy, and there are many opinions as to her literary merits and demerits; but of her extraordinary cleverness and power of compelling the attention of the reader there is not a particle of doubt.

There is a curious difference of opinion concerning the merits of Miss Georgina Harding's translation of D'Annunzio's "The Triumph of Death" (Heinemann). "An excellent piece of work," says the *Outlook*, a new semi-critical, semi-omnibus weekly, which hardly comes up to the expectations roused by the assiduous puffery preliminary. The *Academy*, however, is less kind to the translator. But, be the translation good or bad, D'Annunzio's work is never likely to secure the approval of more than a small section of English critics—that is to say, of the men who ape cleverness by means of an affectation of singular powers of appreciation. D'Annunzio is a decadent of the decadents; his ingenuity and knowledge of craftsmanship are considerable, but his subject is disgusting, and the robust cleanliness of the English reader will be content to put him away.

"Can you remember so much as the colour of the eyes of the most famous characters in fiction?" The question is asked by an acute contemporary journal which, following the general fashion of the day, has developed a literary tendency quite recently, and the query has a pretty interest of its own. Whether one remembers depends partly on one's individual proclivities, partly on the manner in which the novelist has dealt with the subject. At any rate, it has struck me that a test of the memories of a fortuitous gathering of guests in a country house on this question of eyes would not be nearly so dull as some semi-intellectual games that are played after dinner. For curiosity I examined myself. The first eyes to come to mind were those of Becky Sharp, which were, of course, green, and very effective. Then the Lady Corisande, in *Lothair*, had eyes of sunny light. Innumerable pairs of Irish eyes, violet and dark-lashed, seemed to stare down upon me from the backs of my books. Maggie Tulliver's eyes were surely very dark. The game would be a good test alike of memory in the reader, and of the power of some novelists, mentioned in last week's *Academy*, of writing in pictorial form. It is not always the fault of the reader if a clear portrait of a hero of romance, or of a heroine, does not fix itself upon the mind.

Mr. Murray will shortly publish "A Flower Hunter in Queensland," by Mrs. Rowan, and the opportunity of mentioning the book is taken for a particular reason. Mrs. Rowan, in pursuit of her hobby, has traversed unexplored parts of tropical Queensland. Now the world is but little aware of the exploits of women in the way of travel, undertaken not merely for its own sake, but principally in pursuit of incidental knowledge, and two other examples of similar intrepidity may be quoted with advantage. Mrs. Theodore Bent never failed to accompany her husband during his lifetime upon those adventurous expeditions, involving much hardship, in Arabia and Africa, which he undertook with the object of unravelling the tangled skein of old world history; and, if I mistake not, she has been exposed to rifle fire. Again, a lady of Liphook, who possesses a wonderful collection of plants, gathered in all parts of the world, and acclimatised in that district, does not permit advancing years to prevent her from being her own collector. Her latest botanical tour has been made in New Mexico, but a year or two ago a most arduous expedition in Syria produced excellent results.

Among my many hobbies—the more one has the more pleasant is life—is the love of gardening; among my many difficulties has been that of securing books of directions which tell me what I want to know without puzzling me by long names, or hurting my feelings by superiority of tone, or insisting on expensive apparatus. Experience shows me that faith may safely be pinned to two volumes: Mr. Robinson's "English Flower-Garden," and, strange as it may appear, the various publications of Messrs. Sutton and Sons. Their "Culture of Flowers and Vegetables" has now reached its seventh edition, and on the principle that an ounce of experience is worth a ton of imagination in a matter of this kind, I record my knowledge that by following the plain directions given in its pages, success will be attained as often as it can be expected in gardening. But there is no use in being a gardener unless you have the philosophic mind. The failures are indispensable to give emphasis to the triumphs.

Books to order from the library:—

- "Shrewsbury." Stanley Weyman. (Longmans.)
- "The Fight for the Crown." W. E. Norris. (Seeley.)
- "God's Foundling." A. J. Dawson. (Heinemann.)
- "Rough Justice." M. E. Braddon. (Simpkin.)
- "Many Memories of Many People." M. C. M. Simpson. (Arnold.)
- "Cleopatra the Magnificent." Z. Z. (Heinemann.) LOOKER-ON.

## CYCLING NOTES.

NIAGARA itself, it appears, is likely to be invaded by the all-conquering cycle. According to the *New York Tribune*, there is a Bill before Congress for a charter to build a bridge from the mainland to Grand Island, in the Niagara river. This island contains 18,000 acres, and is only accessible by boat. "The boat is little more than an old mud scow, that runs when the man in charge has nothing else to do. The distance from Buffalo to Niagara Falls is twenty-two miles, while, with a bridge to the island, and a cycle path through and around it, the distance will be shortened to thirteen miles. This island is one of the most beautiful spots in this part of the country, and contains fine hotels and summer resorts. A company proposes building a structure that will cost about 2,000,000 dol., crossing both branches of the Niagara river. This bridge will be for a railway above and a driveway below, enabling the rider to wheel to the Falls by a short route, and enjoy some of the best scenery in the world. The cyclists in the upper part of the State are much interested in the project, and have sent urgent appeals to influential members in this district to aid them in the work. The wheelmen of Buffalo have been working to get a good road to Niagara Falls for four years."

Another curious American item is the statement that one of the most expert cyclists of St. Louis is a young woman who is blind. She rides alone about the streets, and has never yet been in a collision or met with any serious accident when a-wheel. Indeed, it is stated that "as her sense of hearing is so acute as

to inform her of the approach of vehicles, she is perfectly safe and fearless wherever she rides. For over a year has she been cycling, and enjoys the pastime as much as is possible to one who is blind." While sympathising with the rider in question, and admiring her courage, one cannot fail to infer that she must run considerable risk, and that she would be safer if only allowed to ride with a cycling companion. The sense of hearing would no doubt suffice in the case of ordinary vehicles, but of what use would this faculty be in the case of an approaching cyclist, who, not knowing that the lady was blind, would naturally expect her to get out of his way if she happened to be a little "off side"? Still more is it difficult to understand how she could avoid collision with pedestrians, either walking in the road or stepping suddenly on the pavement. Such collisions occasionally happen to those in the enjoyment of all their faculties, and the blind cyclist of St. Louis, it would appear, has been largely favoured by fortune.

Complaints have been made of late of the appalling ignorance of the latter day cycle agent, and a correspondent of the *People* tells a story of how he went with a lady friend to the shop of a general dealer in London who had stocked a depot with a number of cycles, of a sort. The lady had been attracted by the superficial finish of the machines, and wished to obtain her friend's opinion upon one with a view to purchase. He was disappointed with the machine on inspection, and told the lady so. "Now what fault does the gentleman find?" indignantly queried the new cycle agent. The reply was that, for one thing, the width of the tread was ridiculous. Whereupon the agent solemnly went down on his knees and measured the wheel base of the machine between the points at which the wheels touched the ground. Then he stepped out on to the pavement and measured the gentleman's machine in the same manner. They tallied within half an inch. Even the lady, however, knew better than this, and with her escort left the shop, followed by a glance of supreme contempt from the agent, who fondly imagined that he had proved his case up to the hilt.

No doubt many parallels to this incident could be furnished by riders who have purchased their machines from town agents who have taken to vending cycles in recent years, just as they would sell any other class of dry goods, in many cases to their own loss, and possibly in more still to that of their customers; for nothing more foolish could be imagined than for a cycling neophyte to buy a machine from a person wholly unable to give advice on the subject. But there is a class of persons from whom the cyclist, particularly the touring cyclist, has suffered all along, not merely since the boom of 1896. I refer to the incompetent repairer. It is one of the chief drawbacks to touring that one cannot depend upon obtaining the services of a skilled cycling mechanic in every town, or township of fair size. There is no remedy, of course; the Cyclists' Touring Club appoints official repairers wherever possible, and naturally the local consul selects the most competent person available; but it is astonishing how little some of these men know, and how far they are from being up-to-date in their knowledge of tyres and fittings. Perhaps it is in Wales that this deficiency is most remarkable. So recently as 1895, for instance, there was not a single competent repairer at the majority of the well-known resorts. Even at Barmouth there was nothing better than a blacksmith, and at Dolgelly, also, only a blacksmith was available; in fact, I remember standing over him for over three hours one evening directing him how to proceed with a repair operation.

In the *Journal* of the Camera Club a member has been describing his experiences of the difficulty of luggage-carrying in general and camera-carrying in particular when a-wheel. He says:—"On the subject of luggage and the methods of carrying it, I claim to speak with some authority, having carried out many experiments as to the best methods both with a diamond and a dropped frame machine, and there is no doubt that the bulk of the weight rides best behind the saddle. On my handle-bars I carry a tool-bag containing, in addition to a light wrench, screw-driver, and oil-can, a piece of stout string, about 18in. of No. 16 gauge iron wire, a small piece of leather, a pair of scissors, a tyre-repairing outfit, and a sponge cloth. Also I take a light 'Poncho,' without which no one should go touring, and in the place where the tool-bag is usually carried I have a small canvas 'hold all' or roll valise, and a waterproof, containing two large linen pockets, and costing only 3s. to 4s. I have tried all ways of carrying luggage—on the handles, where it spoils the easy running of the machine; between the frame, where it seems to make the machine run heavy, and necessitates one mounting and dismounting over the back wheel; and on the back of the saddle, which is the ideal place. The camera had better be carried behind the saddle of the other rider who has no luggage, but failing this, then the safest place is on one's back. In any case, if the camera has to be carried on the machine itself, then there is no doubt that behind the saddle is the place most free from dust, vibration, and danger; in this case, of course, the luggage must go on the handles, or between the frame."

With these recommendations in their entirety I cannot agree, but as regards the rear of the machine being the safest place for a camera, there can be little doubt. Even then the only thing that can make it practicable to carry the camera over the back wheel is the employment of an apparatus like Turner's "Bi-Carrier," which I have previously described in this column. For light hand-cameras it is feasible, of course, to use a bag and strap, and let the rider's own shoulders bear the burden. On a long day's tour, however, particularly in hot weather, this method becomes both irksome and tiring, and I have known more than one cyclist to "swear off" photography in consequence.

The new list of candidates for election to the Cyclists' Touring Club is again of formidable length, and contains many well-known names. Among these may be mentioned those of Lord Saltoun, Lord Dunluce, the Countess of Erroll, Lady A. Butler, Lady A. L. Maude, Lady Swansea, the Hon. N. C. Rothschild, the Hon. E. V. Bligh, Lady E. and Lady V. Manners, the Hon. Edith, the Hon. Ethel, and the Hon. U. St. Leger, the Hon. A. H. Grosvenor, the Hon. H. Finch Hatton, M.P., the Hon. M. Herbert, Sir R. W. Barlow, Bart., the Hon. T. and the Hon. Mrs. Dundas, Sir W. G. Williams, Bart., the Hon. A. Vivian, Sir M. MacGregor of MacGregor, Bart., the Hon. A. McDonnell, Sir R. Guinness, Count F. Hoyes, Colonel Sir F. Cardew, K.C.M.G., and Lady Cardew, Count K. Hamilton, Dean Billington, Canon Liddell, Canon Loane, and Mr. J. E. K. Studd. THE PILGRIM.

## VARIOUS PASTIMES.

"MEETER for laming than making able the players thereof"; thus wrote James I., who was something of a milksop, of football, and his words have some application to the England and Ireland match played at Richmond on Saturday. Injuries were numerous and severe. Dudgeon, the Richmond forward, was *lors de combat* for nearly half the game, and in the course of the second half Lee, the Irish three-quarter, who had been

playing in grand style; broke his collar-bone. That kind of thing, however, is the fortune of war, and the fact remains that a more exciting contest has rarely been seen, and that Magee's "try," which at last gave the victory to Ireland, was the occasion of tremendous excitement. Superior forward play was the cause of the Irish triumph; the excellence of the English three-quarters alone saved their team from hopeless defeat. A curious fact, standing in need of some explanation, remains to be noted. Since the Irish International match was started in the season of 1874-75, the Irishmen have won five times only, and four of their successes have been registered within the last five years. Now Irishmen have not suddenly grown swifter and stronger than Englishmen, and it follows that we must look for a rational explanation. That, most likely, is to be found in the greater concentration of Rugby football in Ireland than in England, combined with the increased importance of exact combination. The English champions, it will be observed, came from East and West, South and North. The Irish fifteen apparently came from many quarters; but, unless we are greatly in error, Dublin is the real nursery of Rugby football in Ireland, and it would most likely be found on investigation that nearly all the Irish team had played constantly in Dublin, and knew one another's play passing well. In both games, Rugby and Association, it is not the collection of the best individual players that wins, but the organised team of warrantable players who know the ways and the powers of their companions. It has often struck us in days gone by, in watching an International match, particularly an Association match, that more than one club, with its full team, would have been likely to defeat the fortuitous aggregation of admirable atoms representing a nation. This view impressed itself strongly upon the writer's mind many years ago at Oxford during four years passed at Christ Church. In the first two years the House had three or four half-blues, but College games were neglected, and it was generally beaten in them. In the third year the House had no half-blues, but the same team played together regularly, knew one another, and never were beaten. In the fourth year, again, they were unbeaten, and several of them were promoted to the Varsity team. The whole secret of their success was that every man in the team knew the play of each of his comrades.

To all appearances the International difference between England and Wales has reached the climactic of unreason. The International Board met before the great match at Richmond on Saturday. They decided that the unconditional application of Wales to rejoin the Board should be accepted on two conditions—(a) that Wales should recognise the bye-laws of the Board; (b) that Gould should not be eligible for International matches. The Welsh representatives were prepared to accept this ruling on the terms that the conditions of the agreement should not be published. They were published, and so the great conference came to nothing. We need say nothing as to the merits of the agreement which was made and marred at the same moment, but surely the notion that such an agreement could possibly be kept secret was entirely ridiculous.

It is hard to say anything very encouraging of the Cambridge crew. The week has witnessed a mild chaos. In the first place Steele has been tried at stroke. Davidson certainly has come on considerably, but for various reasons a change was desirable. It is as yet impossible to say what the ultimate effect will be; at first the men did not seem too comfortable, but that was only to be expected. Steele is a little the longer of the two, but his sliding is bad; however, he has a good record, and may turn out well. The rest of the boat has been chopped and changed. Bullard is laid up, only temporarily it is to be hoped; Calvert's, however, is a more serious case, and it is quite probable that he will not be able to train. Hole, Oakeley, Stohart, Thompson, and Adie have all rowed as substitutes. It is to be hoped that the final selection will be soon possible; the race is only seven weeks off, and training must soon begin. R. C. Lehmann has been helping Fletcher with the coaching, but it is a great pity that the support they have received from some of the more prominent local men has been by no means thorough. It is unnecessary to say more on an unsavoury subject, but now if ever seems to be the opportunity to sink all feuds and give a loyal co-operation to the efforts of our distinguished coaches.

The Association team seems at last in a fair way to completion. Moon has reappeared among the forwards, and seems likely to stay. Haig Brown is on present form the most likely man for outside right, or failing him Wace may come in. Anyhow, with three men side by side from one college team, and our two famous left wingers, there should at any rate be combination. The halves are practically settled, and now that Simpson has appeared to partner Wilson at back, the weak spot ought to be strengthened. However, it would need a prophet indeed to foretell what is likely to happen on February 19th.

Ice rinks in England have made it possible for figure skating championships to be held in London without reference to the eccentricities of an English winter. On Tuesday next a "world's championship" will attract the best skaters of Europe to Hengler's, and the entries received show that there will be a really International contest. All arrangements are being made by the National Skating Association, and a very large attendance is expected, as the competition is the first of such importance ever held in this country. The afternoon will be devoted to the compulsory tests, while in the evening "free" figures will be skated, each competitor having a certain period in which to display his ability in any direction which seems best to him; the acrobatic style affected by so many Continental performers will doubtless prove very attractive to spectators.

The West London Lacrosse Club followed up their defeat of Surbiton in a Senior Cup match a fortnight since by beating Barnet on Saturday last by eighteen goals to three. Barnet have shown rather a falling off lately, but the heavy scoring is not surprising, considering West London's strength on attack. Surbiton evidently intend to be content with one defeat in the First Division, for they had quite recovered their form, and, scoring very rapidly against Leys School, won by thirteen goals to nil. The Cambridge school are below last year's form, in spite of their flag victory over the University last week. Snaresbrook gave a glimpse of their old style in a cup game against Hampstead, which they won by ten goals to one, this being the third divisional game of the day in which the scoring was above the average. In the Second Division there were two well-contested games, Blackheath only beating the second team of Leys School by four goals to one, and Surbiton II. gaining a creditable victory over St. Dunstan's College by four goals to three.

## BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

WRITING as I am at The Curragh, where so many of the best steeplechasers that ever went to a fence were bred and trained, one's thoughts naturally turn to steeplechasing, and the Liverpool Grand National, the acceptances for which have been made known since these notes were last written. Brilliant performer as Knight of Rhodes is over hurdles, or the small "countries" of the present day, it must always have been exceedingly doubtful if he would stand up over four and a-half miles of the severe Aintree track, and I was quite prepared for his withdrawal, burdened as he was with 12st. 5lb. This leaves nothing between Manifesto (12st. 7lb.) and The Soarer (11st. 5lb.), and I should certainly fancy the heavy-weight of these two if both went to the post; in fact, I thought The Soarer very badly treated the moment I saw the weights, and I doubt his being able to give 5lb. to his stable companion, Prince Albert. Everyone in Ireland is swearing that the top-weight will win, but, allowing for the ease with which he won last year, I doubt his repeating the victory with the heavy burden of 12st. 7lb. on his back. In fact, I cannot see how Mr. Dyas's horse can possibly give 2st. 7lb. to Timon, who was going as well as the winner two fences from home last year, and is now meeting him on 16lb. better terms than he was then. Another Irish-bred candidate that I have heard great accounts of since I have been over here is the six year old Drogheda, who has 10st. 12lb. to carry. I am assured, on the best authority, that this is a really good horse, and one that is sure to run very well indeed. Chair of Kildare, who has been given 10st. 3lb., and who won the Littleton Steeplechase at Kempton Park last week, was once a very smart performer over two miles, but I have never heard of his having any pretensions to stay the Grand National distance.

One of the most striking features of this year's race is the fact that although most of the best horses engaged in it are Irish-bred, only two of them are trained in that country. This is entirely due to the fact that, the class of jumpers in England being so inferior to that in Ireland, and it being so much easier to win races there than here, owners and trainers are by degrees all taking their horses to be trained in that country. There has already been a great influx of Irish trainers to England this season. Mr. Purcell Gilpin is taking his string over in a few weeks' time, and will, in future, train them in England, instead of at The Curragh, and I know of several others who intend to follow his example before next season. It will soon be the case that nearly all the best jumpers running will be bred in Ireland and trained in England.

At Gatwick last week the principal feature of the first day's racing was the victory of Manifesto in the Holmwood Steeplechase Handicap. As the fielders laid 4 to 1 against him, they must evidently have thought a Grand National candidate

would not be fit to win a race so early in the season. However, win he did, and very easily too, but he beat nothing of any account, and his Liverpool chance looks neither better nor worse than it did before. Regret won another Maiden Hurdle Race, giving 10lb. for the year to Wales, and he seems to be getting his confidence back with jumping. That promising young horse, Swords, ran unplaced in this race, but will win before long.

At Kempton, on Friday, the useful Baccarat won the Thames Valley Hurdle Race, and was bought in cheap at 310 guineas, and then Goldfish, who has accepted for the big Aintree event with 9st. 12lb., was beaten by Galway for the Stewards' Steeplechase. On Saturday Montauk, with 11 to 8 laid on him, won the Egham Hurdle Race, beating Bach, to whom he was giving 18lb., in fine style. This horse will always take a lot of beating over hurdles for the rest of the season. There will be racing at Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday, on the first of which Barcalwhey will win the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, and on Saturday Manifesto and Oakdene may take the two principal hurdle races.

## COBHAM SIRES.

AMONG the principal features of last year's racing season were the constant successes of Australian and American bred horses. There is no doubt that the effect of many years of breeding solely for speed has produced in this country a race of galloping machines wanting in



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COBHAM SIRES; CARNAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



many of those qualities of hardness and endurance which were characteristic of the breed fifty years ago. In America and Australia, where they have all the time been using many of the less fashionable but robust out-crosses, this is not so marked, and in Australia especially, where their Stud Book is perfectly pure, which it is not in America, they have evolved a breed of race-horses which, although they may not be quite so speedy as our own, are certainly superior to ours in power, bone, stamina, and general hardness.

The Musket blood has been not a little answerable for this result, and although apparently despised in this country, it has proved the foundation of all that is best in the Australian race-horse. Nor is this to be wondered at when we look at Musket's pedigree. Inbreeding to Whalebone has always been the great secret of producing stout, honest race-horses, and in Musket we find three crosses of this famous descendant of Eclipse, whilst his dam was by Melbourne's best son—West Australian. No wonder that Musket was himself a great race-horse, and has since then founded a new family in Australia.

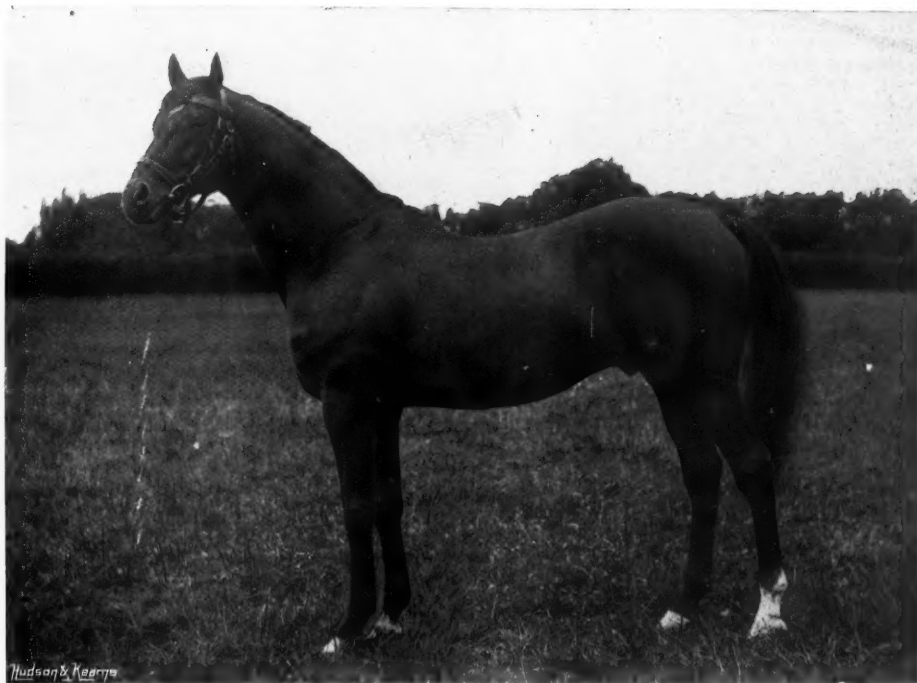
I have been led into enlarging on this subject because there are in this country at the present moment, standing at the Cobham Stud Farm, Surrey, two of the best representatives living of the Musket line of Touchstone, a blood which, according to all known results, ought to nick well with that of most of our English mares, and which, judging from the appearance and qualities of these Australian-bred horses, ought to impart to their produce much of that soundness and stoutness now so wanting in our own horses.

The first of these is Trenton, of whom an excellent portrait is given herewith. This son of Musket and Frailty belongs to the No. 18 family, tracing to the Old Woodcock mare, ancestress of Waxy, whilst, as has already been shown, he is full of Whalebone blood on his sire's side, and gets two more crosses of it on his dam's through Sir Hercules and Touchstone. His dam also goes back to the famous Fisherman, whose blood has always been so successful with that of Musket. He was a great race-horse in Australia, winning over all distances from six furlongs to three miles, and he has been an extraordinary stud success. For delicate English mares he forms the best out-cross in the world.

A charming horse is Trenton's fellow-countryman Carnage, a long, low, big-quartered chestnut, with the best temper and most sensible disposition imaginable. He is by Nordenfeldt (son of Musket and Onyx, by Angler, son of Fisherman) out of The Mersey, by Knowsley (son of Stockwell), her dam Clemence, by Newminster. He is therefore full of Touchstone blood, through Musket, Newminster, and Orlando, with two strains of Stockwell and one of Fisherman, whilst he goes back on his dam's side to Martha Lynn, and on both sides to Brown Bess. He also belongs to the No. 2 family, which traces to the famous Barton Barb mare. What a pedigree this is! He was a good race-horse, and won the Victoria Derby of his year in the fastest time on record. He cannot help being a stud success in this country.

Unquestionably the best blood in the English Stud Book is that of Whalebone, and it also stands more breeding into than any other. The Messrs. Graham, of Yardley, proved this conclusively, and most of the best winners of last season were bred like that. So also is Baliol, another of the Cobham sires, who is by Blair Athol, son of Stockwell, out of Marigold, by Teddington, son of Orlando, by Touchstone. He also gets a cross of Melbourne through his paternal grandam Blink Bonny, and one of Blacklock on his dam's side, so that he is full of stout blood on both sides of his pedigree. He is, of course, three-parts brother to Doncaster, one of the greatest sires of modern times, and although for many years buried in Ireland, he has sired an enormous number of winners. Like himself, his stock are all hard-wearing horses, and stay well. He goes back on his sire's side to Queen Mary, and for mares of that blood, such as those by Hampton or Wisdom, he affords the finest cross in the world. He would also be just the horse for Blacklock mares, as he has a strain of that blood himself, and because Birdcatcher blood has always nicked well with it. In fact, I consider him one of the best sires at the stud.

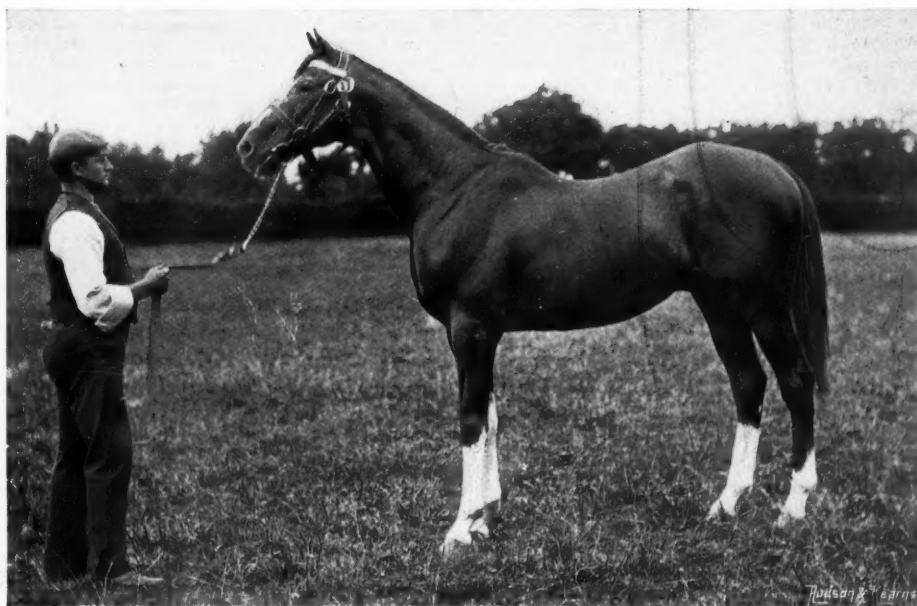
An extraordinarily successful sire was Wisdom, who, by sheer force of merit, and without any of the glamour of great performances or fashionable surroundings, made himself the most successful sire of his day. This I have always attributed to his being very closely inbred to Stockwell. His sire, Blinkhoolie, was by Rataplan, and his dam, Aline, by Stockwell, own



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TRENTON.

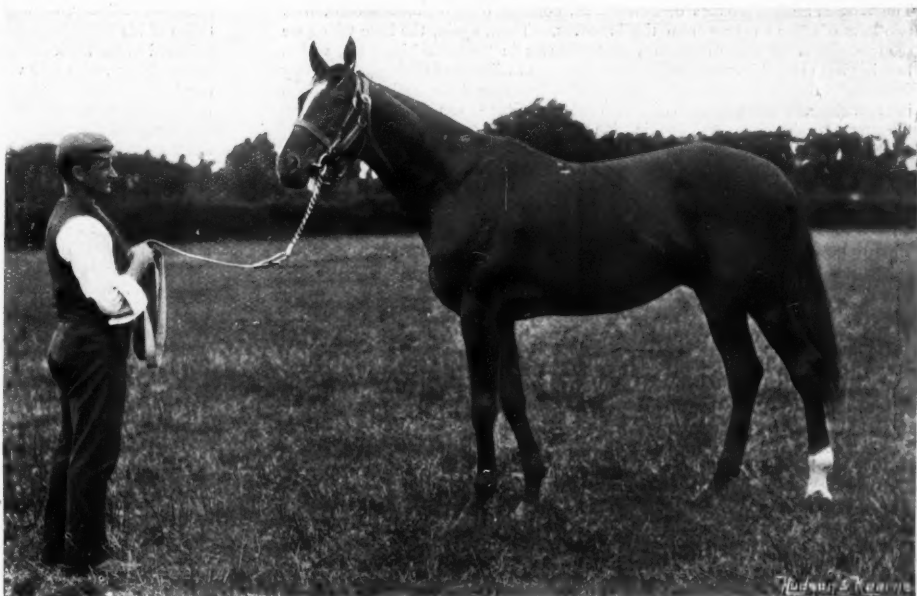
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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BALIOL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE OWL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

brother to Rataplan, and it has been over and over again proved that this blood cannot be too closely bred into. I have just stated that Birdcatcher and Blacklock bloods have always nicked well, and thus it was that when Rattlewings, by Galopin (inbred to Blacklock), and with two more crosses of Birdcatcher in her own pedigree, was mated with the Birdcatcher-bred Wisdom, she produced The Owl, unquestionably the best colt of his year. This is a very promising young sire indeed, especially as the No. 13 family to which he belongs has a common origin with the No. 11, to which he is so strongly inbred.

Blair Athol was by Stockwell (Birdcatcher) out of Blink Bonny (Melbourne). Eastern Princess was by Surplice (Touchstone) out of Tomyris (Slane), and between them they produced that extraordinary horse Prince Charlie, one of the very best ever bred. Then, again, Hester was by Thormanby out of Tomyris (Prince Charlie's grandam), and these two—Prince Charlie and Hester, winners of the 2,000 and 1,000 guineas respectively—were both of the No. 12 family, which traces to the old Montagu mare, ancestress of Eclipse. The result of their union was Prince Rudolph, the biggest boned and most powerful thorough-bred stallion in England. He was a good race-horse on the turf, stayed well, and, like all his breed, was thoroughly game and honest. He has sired several winners, and this breed all last through a great number of seasons on the turf. His stock, being always a big, backward sort, want plenty of time to mature, which they seldom or never get, or he would have had many more winners to his credit by this time. Terribly as he has been neglected in this country, I consider him, both from his breeding, his conformation, and the qualities of his tribe, a very valuable sire, especially for light-boned, delicate, or nervous mares, and this has been amply proved in America.

This brief sketch of five Cobham sires, representing Musket, Wisdom, Blair Athol, and Prince Charlie, may be interesting to those who have never visited this historic stud; and with such a variety of different bloods represented there as is the case to-day, it would be odd if there was not something to suit almost any mare, whatever her breeding may be.

OUTPOST.

## SPORTIVE HERALDRY.

WHEN age, creeping stealthily, brings Nature's warnings that the fatigues of the field can no longer be safely courted, man may find a pastime in telling fishing stories, or, more blamelessly, seek a revival of wonted sensations by the perusal of books on sport. Yet another way lies invitingly open, and to this I would fain draw attention—the study of heraldry. In these emblematic records we are able to trace the abundant evidence of our forefathers' love for the chase. That fiery upstart, Napoleon Bonaparte, when surveying the many quarterings of his Imperial future father-in-law, stood in amaze: "*C'est une arche de Noë*," he cried, and added, meditatively, "*mais il y a toujours eu beaucoup de bêtes dans la famille*." But, after all, the gallery of *feræ naturæ* symbolised a more amiable form of folly than that to which the small man was addicted. Were it not beyond our province it would be easy to show that the philosophy underlying feudalism was more liberal than that which shaped Napoleon's policy. One meaning of his oracular speech is clear, for man's proneness to form a high estimate of himself is made manifest on the threshold of our inquiry, armorial shields being loaded with the king of beasts. Our own Lion-hearted Richard adopted the lion as his symbol because he had no misgivings as to his transcendental virtues. Smaller men followed suit, and in depicting the lion on their shields called upon the world to acknowledge their beauty, strength, and natural right to command. However, when we see lions couchant beneath holly bushes, chained to trees, or issuing from woods, we may safely assume that the device was adopted to denote dominion over forests—the lord jealously guarding his hunting privileges against the encroachment of all and sundry. We are not without authenticated examples of verderers' insignia. The Woods, ancient Thanes of Fettercairn, bore an oak tree on a mount, with two keys of office hanging from the branches. Then, again, the hare which we see racing over so many illustrious coats-of-arms in the three kingdoms, with a hunting horn round its neck, originally belonged to Cleland of Cleland, hereditary foresters to the Earls of Douglas; the symbol has spread far and wide through intermarriage. Of old the Counts of Württemberg were hereditary grand huntsmen to the Emperor, and in sign thereof bore a horn, with a plume of feathers in the mouthpiece, hawking being the chief of sports; the Counts of Wernigerode acted as masters of fisheries to the Emperor, and they bore a fish on their shield. To come home again, we find the Marquess of Ailsa adopting a dolphin to show his extensive jurisdiction over the western isles of Scotland. In this connection we may surely allude to the Lovets, who must have descended from those important officers, the *louveteurs*, for we can hardly think so badly of human nature as to attribute the wolves on the family's shield to an attempt at punning. What interesting mental pictures these symbols conjure up. When they were first adopted England was more than three-fourths dense forest-land, where hungry wolves, fierce boar, and powerful cattle, heavy of horn, thick maned, and dangerous red deer abounded; while outlaws sought safety in the morasses, fighting against wild beasts and the no less terrible lord of the manor, who waged pitiless warfare against poachers or peasant squatters. Then, no doubt, the boar, the wolf, and the lion were fitting emblems. These forests were gloomy in their luxuriance; apart from a highway or bridle path they formed trackless stretches of wood and thick undergrowth, wherein law-abiding men only entered in large bodies with fierce hounds. Fitz Stephen, writing in 1174, describes immense tracts of wooded country, where trees grew so thick that the sun rays could scarcely penetrate, affording shelter for stags, boars, and forest bulls, all within easy reach of London. An almost unbroken series of forests led up to Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Northumberland, and Cumberland, about three-fourths of which were covered with groves of oaks, birches, and beeches, or wastes of stony ranges and swamps. While the kings for the most part strove to preserve the forests, the people and many of the barons wished rather to restrict them. So important was the question that it found a place in the



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PRINCE RUDOLPH.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

Magna Charta, and subsequently Henry III. embodied laws and concessions in a Charta de Foresta, which was confirmed by Edward I. The cattle in these forests roamed about at their will; in Yorkshire they were still common in the thirteenth century, and we find the Scottish kings hunting wild kine a century later. Solitary bulls doubtless made themselves particularly obnoxious in places, and the killing of such a male beast would rank as a victory worthy of immortalisation.

Lions have received scurvy treatment at the hands of heralds. They have been made to assume all manners of extravagant postures. His mane and claws have been gilded and silvered, his head cut or torn off, his "jambes" severed from his body to adorn a shield; many are the things that have been thrust into his mouth or his paws. Lions truly do wonders; they read books, hold swords or crosses, are crowned, hobnob with their kind or battle with man, but they also grasp the keys of office and the horn of the mighty hunter. There was a certain childlike simplicity about our ancestors. They drew a nondescript kind of animal, and though they did not label him, laid down a law that when he was shown walking along in a dignified attitude, staring straight before him, he was to be known as a lion, and when he was seen still on his peregrinations, but with his face towards the spectators, yawning outrageously, he was instantly to be recognised as a leopard. As those who owned the pictorial beasts were prepared to enforce their opinion with battle-axes and "holy-water sprinklers," people generally found it expedient to acquiesce in the convention. Later on he was known as a lion-leopardé, and now as a lion passant gardant. The leopard with spots is a mere *parvenu*, whose heraldic honours date only from the eighteenth century. We have two tigers—the heraldic, an ancient, skinny beast of many angles, who is ever of the female persuasion, and shown to scoffing mankind as turning back to look at herself in a hand mirror placed on the ground. It must not be thought that this is a rude gibe at the fair sex; no, it is a graphic record of natural history, or a travellers' tale. Long endurance has taught us that travellers are persons of extensive and peculiar experiences; in this instance they told the heralds that when a hunter stole tiger cubs he should always be provided with a hand mirror to place near the den, so that when the mother discovered her loss and started forth to try her persuasive powers on the robber, she would be arrested by the reflection of herself in the glass. "Is this my cub, or are spirits about?" she would query, and while investigating matters, the bold hunter got away—a valuable hint which perhaps some of my readers will verify for the edification of an expectant world. But what I should like to know is, was that heraldic tiger first adopted by a globe-trotting sportsman of the fourteenth century, or was it added to the shield by a dutiful son as a touching token of his belief in paternal veracity? Again, is it possible that some heralds followed in the track of those humorous democrats, the monkish carvers, limners, and sculptors, who so loved to mock their betters, as we see by many a scurrilous carving in church and abbey, on many an illuminated page? May not the heraldic tiger be a sly record of the cunning diplomacy of a certain great man who annexed the substance while deluding the *oi poloi* with vain shows? Our sleek friend, the striped tiger, is a modern, introduced to aristocratic Society by men who carved their way to glory, and so on, in our Eastern Empire.

The king of beasts has taken us far afield. We must travel back to our own well-wooded island, where we find the wolf occupying much attention. Either the whole beast or its head is a favourite charge in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. This is not to be wondered at, for it was a terrible scourge until well past the Middle Ages. Wolves preyed on sheep and men, and, what was almost as important, played havoc with the game. Kings put a price on his head and exacted from vassals a goodly count of pelt. We find Robert de Umfraville in 1076 receiving a vast grant of land in Northumberland, with the obligation to defend that part of the country from enemies and wolves. Similar grants were common, most barons being bound to organise wolf hunts at regular intervals. Edward I. published mandates for the scouring of several counties from the pests, and the Scottish Parliament enacted laws compelling the barons to wage war against wolves and their whelps, the tenantry being commanded to assist their lords. In spite of all efforts, wolves lingered long in the land, many a tradition of specially fierce beasts clinging to various districts. In the Northern Counties, especially in Yorkshire, they found congenial cover for breeding and defying man's enmity. It is said that the last wolf in England was slain in 1485; in Ireland we hear of them in 1710, and in Scotland down to 1743. It is natural, therefore, to find the snarling creature on many a shield. It is sometimes single, sometimes in pairs, it issues from clumps of trees, and in one case we see it leaving a rocky lair. Many of the beasts appear with naked men and boys in their mouths, or preying upon human beings; it was precisely to put a stop to this kind of thing that the recurring grand battles were carried out. The



Lions quartered their silver wolf on a red field with a black hunting horn on a field of silver, thus echoing their former activity in this line of sport. Wild boars are also held in high esteem. Occasionally the tusker may be a symbol of warrior instincts; often he is a canting fellow, a punster, bidding all who gaze to know that his bearer belongs to the family of Hogg, Bacon, Bote, Borelands, etc. Canting or punning armorial insignia are common and were largely patronised in early times, enabling the unlettered to easily memorise the cognisances of their chiefs. Boars are frequently represented with collars, and sometimes chained to trees, which surely symbolise forest lordships. Our wild boars were fierce fellows, and remained with us until the sixteenth century. Whether the wild porkers shown transfixed with spear or arrow also stand for manorial signs, or originated as memorials of the first bearer's deeds of prowess and love of sport, it is impossible to say. Still more insoluble is the question why a raven feeds on the back of the Dunskine hog. We know that the Corporation of Great Grimsby enjoyed the privilege of hunting boar in the adjacent forests—probably by way of recompense for slaughtering wolves—and formerly their civic shield displayed a big tusker hotly pursued by a dog and followed by a huntsman winding his horn; a device subsequently replaced by a chevron between three boars' heads, the crest being branches of oak and an escallop shell. Such a shield is one to be proud of, portraying the useful civilising deeds of sturdy citizens, who, when not destroying wild beasts, kept order in the forests—for the chevron seems to represent a primitive gate—or sent their ships on the high seas.

Harts and stags abound; they are shown "tripping," at "speed," at "gaze," "couchant," drinking in rivers, with arrows piercing their backs. Their heads are torn off, their antlers made use of, and they are shown "in full course"—that is to say, pursued by a couple of hounds. Here the sporting element is manifest. The man who claimed sway over vast tracts of country, who strung up anyone who dared lift a hand to illicitly procure venison, could scarcely find a better symbol than the graceful creature that afforded him his keenest pleasures. Kings and princes disdained not to claim the stag as their due. The hart is one of the favourite pictorial puns, but the stags on a mount surrounded with water, adopted by the Hindmarshes, are suggestive of more than the ordinary *armes parlantes* associated with our families of Deer, Hart, Stag, Doe, and so on. One wonders whether the original Hindmarsh was not truly a "son of the soil," who emerged from the Fen country to perform some lucky stroke and find recognition from his sovereign, from the unknown hind to become *nobilis*—"my liege subject from the marshes?" A shield that leaves no room for doubt shows us an archer shooting at a stag; a true *venerer* was the bearer of that.

Bears are reminiscent of the old order of things, for though it is supposed that the last bruin disappeared before the tenth century, traditions of their devastations remained vividly in the popular mind. Dumbreck of Dumbreck showed on his shield a bear pierced with a sword, the hilt in the back and the point coming out of the belly. Chained and muzzled bears are symbols of dominion, or emblems of difficulties overcome, civilisation brought into the wilds. No doubt the wild man, naked or decently "wreathed" about the loins, also denoted that the bearer held lordship over distant forest mountain land, or had extirpated bands of outlaws and semi-savages that once terrorised districts far removed from the capital. We know that the negro, the Saracen, and the American Indian were brought into our heraldry to record the successful hunting of such "outlanders," and it is probable that the wild man does duty for more ancient home victories. When the dense forests described covered hill and dale by the square mile, communities of semi-savages found therein a refuge from the tyranny of civilisation, making excursions against the outer world when occasion arose. These semi-savages were not unknown up to comparatively late years in Scotland, Ireland, some parts of Yorkshire, and Devonshire. Many an ancient broadsheet and quaint black letter pamphlet, first efforts of the printer's press, record raids made by citizens, headed by sheriffs' and king's officers, to exterminate bands of naked robbers, often reputed cannibals. Robin Hood and his merry fellows were gentlefolk compared to such hairy wild men. They fall into classification between the bear and the wolf.

The hunters tell their own tale, just as Neptune, the mermaid, and Tritons speak of valorous deeds on the ocean wave. Human heads, arms, legs, and hearts are also easily understood, but how came the cherubs first on any shield? Were they the gifts of some humour-loving king to a noteworthy schoolmaster, or merely voluntary assumptions, whereby a magister made known to the world the relinquishment of his own calling? To a schoolmaster in full exercise a cherub would be a sore trial. One naked man always greatly interested me; he is seen swimming on the shield of Drummond of Kildie, grasping a sword. He is there to record an event of some importance, but whether an incident of warfare against beast or man, alas! I know not. Another man in a state of nature is to be met with on the shield of the Dalzels, and he recalls a wager between a nameless individual and Kenneth II. of Scotland. A favourite of Kenneth had gone on a hunting expedition across the Border, and being caught, was stripped and strung up on the gallows. So sad a plight caused the king sore grief; he offered a rich reward for his friend's body. Who would go and cut it down? "I dare," cried a shaggy *sans culotte*. He not only dared, but did. So he became known as Dalziel, and decorated his shield with a naked man pendant from a gallows. Long since, however, his descendants have unhooked the luckless sportsman and removed the tree of woe, though they still leave the poacher without a rag to his back.

## Lord Rothschild's Stagbonds.

AS good wine needs no bush, so Lord Rothschild's famous stagbonds stand in no need of introduction. All the world knows them, and the sport which they show is a familiar topic of conversation. The country which they hunt is to a large extent coextensive with that of the Whaddon Chase Foxbonds, which was mapped out when the Grafton country was divided; and there is no better hunting country, provided that a man be mounted on a horse which has no objection to water. Brooks there are and ditches many which must be "negotiated"—to use the slang phrase that has almost become classical. For the rest, says the invaluable "Baily," the country consists "almost entirely of old pasture which generally carries an excellent scent." These few words carry a world of meaning, and better still are those which follow: "There is no wire." What better combination of circumstances could be desired by horse, or rider, or hound?

## Hunting v. Shooting

THE devotees of these two sports are the Montagues and Capulets of the sporting community. The complaints of each party against the other are constantly heard in the columns of sporting papers, and everyone who lives in the country knows that there are a good many smouldering grudges on either side which it takes but a little breeze to fan into a flame of open hostility. But in the present season matters have certainly grown more serious than ever before, and it seems not unlikely that in some districts the two sports will not be able to go on side by side unless the owners and tenants of shootings can make up their minds to treat the local hunts with more forbearance. To show that this is no vague assertion, I may refer—though without mentioning names—to a few leading instances in



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FOLLOWING THE PACK.

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which the disagreement between the hunting and shooting elements has become acute. First, a master has had to reduce his hunting days because one side of his country is practically closed to him. Another keen young master of an historic country has resigned, since he has been forbidden so many coverts that he finds it not worth while to keep up the hounds. In the West, two foxes have been fired at in front of hounds, one of which was killed. The same hunt, on arriving at a covert, found armed keepers posted all round it. A most celebrated hunt was forced to stop hounds while actually running, and hounds in another country have been warned off some extensive and hitherto useful coverts. It is noticeable that, with one exception, all these incidents happened in countries where hunting has long prescription, and where the sport is popular with all classes. Indeed, in one case the hunt is a most famous one, and is the means of bringing much money into three towns in the district, not to speak of the eager competition for hunting boxes throughout the district. Now, strictly speaking, the shooting men have law and right on their side. Their sport is protected by law, while hunting exists only on sufferance. Moreover, it is not to be denied that hunting does some damage; foxes no doubt destroy a certain number of pheasants, and though I do not believe that hounds running through or even drawing a covert do much harm, yet there are, no doubt, people who hold a different opinion, and are entitled to do so. Of course,



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LORD ROTHSCHILD AT THE MEET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

though it may seem a paradox, it is true that the more hounds are excluded from coverts the more mischief they do—from the owner's point of view—

when they do come. On the other hand, from woodlands that are often drawn foxes go away quickly. Take, for example, the short time spent by the Cottesmore in Owston or Tilton Woods when there is any scent. Where hounds seldom come a fox will ring round and round for half a day. In consequence, the disturbance of the coverts is much greater. But it may be said, why is the difficulty so much greater than it used to be? There have always been pheasants and foxes before this in the same coverts, why not now? One answer, and that commonly given, is that so many land-owners who formerly kept their shooting in hand now let it to men who have not the old neighbourly sentiment, or the old friendly feeling, for the sports of the country-side. Yet the whole blame must not rest on the shooting tenant. There are other reasons for the ill-feeling which has arisen on the side of the shooting men. First, game-keepers have changed a good deal. In some respects they are men of more education than of old, but they are more professional, and being often strangers to the district, are less dependent on local opinion and local Society. Secondly, fewer farmers hunt, and this affects the game-keeper. The farmers who hunted were apt to express their disapproval very strongly of any meddling with their only sport, and it is of the greatest importance to a keeper to be on good terms with the farmers in the neighbourhood of his master's coverts. Thirdly, keepers are but human, and, owing to the greater ignorance of country life on the side of the masters, have more influence than they had. It is too much even for a good man to keep laying his own shortcomings on the shoulders of the hunt. The enormities of the fox and his followers are, from his point of view, so great as to be really accountable for everything. Lastly, and not least, shooting is much more expensive than it was, and the competition is much keener. It is true that foxes do not take a great many pheasants, but they take enough to make an appreciable difference in the score at the end of the season; and those who think that masters and men do not care whether they shoot a thousand birds, or a thousand and fifty, are much mistaken. Large sums are expended on pheasant shooting, and birds are



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ON THE ROAD TO A MEET.

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grudged that would scarcely have been missed a few years ago. Let us, then, grant the whole case as stated by the shooting men, and grant, too, that two or three of them have the power to make hunting impossible in any country at their pleasure. Yet will they be wise if they consider the situation. The aggression is nearly always on their side. Masters of hounds are, in my experience, most sympathetic, and considerate almost to timidity in dealing with shooting men. But these considerations that follow should, I think, be taken to heart by hostile shooting owners and tenants. Hunting is popular, shooting is not. The continuance of existing privileges is precarious, and to a great extent depends on the goodwill and fellow-feeling of other sportsmen. If a large section of influential country folk become hostile or indifferent to preservation, what prospect have the owners of shootings? If the farmers, the local veterinary surgeons, the doctors, the lawyers, the smaller brewers, the men with one or two horses, who form the bulk of all hunting fields—men of considerable local weight and influence, be it remarked—are unwilling to keep up the sport of the few while their own has disappeared, what then are the prospects of the shooting? It is a question of life or death for hunting. Mange may be exterminated, wire can be taken down, but the shooting tenant holds the balance of power by the help of the law—at present. I am



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## A MEET AT TRING.

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entirely on the side of game laws. Pheasant shooting is a grand sport, but no sportsman should forget the history of the Ground Game Act, which followed entirely from a selfish over-preservation by a few men. "Live and let live" is a great motto. X.

## SHOOTING A BIG WOOD.

SHOOTING a big wood of a hundred acres or more is a very different form of sport from ordinary cover shooting.

Detached covers of from four to ten acres, often in the form of belts, can be swept from end to end by the line of beaters while the guns stand outside. A large area of wood is far more difficult to beat, and less easy to shoot in, especially if it holds, as it often does, a number of wild pheasants. The rabbits and hares dashing across narrow rides offer most difficult shots, needing special quickness and practice. On the other hand, it is a more interesting and uncommon form of sport than shooting detached covers. The guns spend the whole day inside the wood, among tall timber, and amid underwood in seven stages of growth; for one portion of the wood is cut every seven years. Hence there is every variety of cover to be shot—from "low slop," as the woodmen call the shoots grown on saplings in the previous winter, to the tall and dense ash-poles and hazel-rods seven years old. It is a matter of some consequence, even to invited guests, to know the geography of the rides, the position of clearings, and the favourite runs of ground game, which, as well as the pheasants,

are constantly on the move, shifting about as the squares and oblongs of underwood are driven.

Our illustrations are of scenes in the "rides" of Wittenham Wood, a rather well-known cover on the banks of the Thames just below Day's Lock, and at the base of the two conical hills known as Wittenham Clumps, opposite Dorchester. The wood, of something over 100 acres, covers the bases of these hills, and extends to the banks of the Thames, at the junction of the Thame. The whole wood lies on a gentle slope, with a broad main ride running completely through it, and many minor cross rides intersecting this and each other.

The large timber is mainly oak and ash, and the underwood ash-poles, hazel, and spindle-wood. Rabbits form the main part of the bag, but there are always plenty of hares in the wood, and several broods of wild pheasants. To make these pheasants show is the main difficulty of the beat. They are capable of "moving on" all day without giving a proper flush. Sometimes, in the very last beat of the day, the whole of the cocks in the wood have been risen by taking one of the outside beats down to the main ride, this, into which they had cunningly withdrawn, being the first portion driven in the morning. About 150 head of wild game, rabbits, pheasants, and hares is an average day's sport in this wood; which may be repeated next day if the stock of rabbits is up to the mark.

A stand at the corner of one of the large rectangles of some eight acres of wood, with a nice green ride on either hand, usually gives very fair sport. The game begins to move the instant the beaters start at the other end. First one rabbit and then another slips across the ride, others come creeping up in the hazels, and at almost the first sound of the beaters one or two hares are certain to make a rush for the next square. To be thoroughly alert for all these contingencies, to kill a creeping rabbit with one barrel, and cut over another which instantly dashes across the ride, or stop the rush of a hare which has bounded across the path and is already five yards into the next square, is quick work. Then, as the beaters draw near, there is often a really hot corner. Every gun



Photo. by Tamm,

## THE LAST RABBIT.

Oxford.

fires as fast as he can load, and at the very end a brace of pheasants rise, and the outside gun stops the last rabbit as he dashes down the ride. If the previous night has been wet, and the stock of rabbits is low, there is still sport to be had in the big wood. The last occasion on which it was shot was a damp, warm, foggy morning, after a night's incessant rain, which had sent most of the rabbits to ground. On the other hand, the wet had driven the hares into the wood. The beaters, many of them professional woodmen, had put on aprons of sacking to keep the drip of the wet wood from chests and thighs, and even the keeper was not averse to shooting. It seemed a pity to discourage this keenness, so orders were given to take the first beat forward—a narrow strip along the upper level of the wood. Two guns moved quickly to the end, while the other pair lined the ride parallel with the beat. The day began to lighten, game was soon on the move, and as the guns commenced to get to work, and the beaters to rattle the cover and shout at a hare back or a rabbit forward, everyone's spirits rose 50 per cent. When once started in this wood, noise does not much matter. There are no other covers near, and if the game is not got in one part it is flushed in another. "Two hares back to you." "There's a cock pheasant just in front of me." "Rattle those bushes—there are five or six rabbits gone into that corner." Bang, bang, whirr, bang. "Look out! there's another!" are the kinds of remark heard at the end of the beat. Then half a dozen snaps at rabbits dashing across the six-foot path finish up the beat. Four hares, six rabbits, a cock pheasant, and two more gone on, are the result of the first five minutes.

The next ground is low shoots. This is taken forward, towards the southern end of the wood, by all the guns and beaters in line. It was too wet to hold the rabbits, which ought to have been sitting out. One prudent bunny was found sitting in an old tin pail, which was nice and dry inside. The wood was then driven down towards the river. The whole distance was some 300 yds., and gave a pretty example of the ways of wild pheasants when they choose to go right instead of wrong, and of the difficulty of knowing where they will show.



Photo. by Taunt,

## IN THE RIDE.

Oxford.

Three guns kept well forward, while the fourth remained outside the wood. The outer gun was soon busy shooting at rabbits slipping forward, and the guns in the inner ride were picking up rabbits slipping back; but only three pheasants were seen, these, oddly enough, running from the inner wood into the strip about to be driven.

The corner by the river remained to be beaten. It formed a platform of rushes and teasles, with a bank above, and tall chestnut trees in the corner; opposite was the inflow of the river Thames—altogether a most sporting little corner. As the outer gun moved down, a hen pheasant rose like a rocket through the trees, and came dashing back, twisting through the tops, to the upper gun. The bird fell to the gun on the river bank, and, at the shot, up rose a pair of cocks from the rushes. One went over the chestnut tree tops, at a great height, down the river, and was beautifully dropped by the outside gun. The other curled round high over the oaks by the lower guns, who, getting an awkward shot, emptied three barrels, and dropped the cock into the Thames. This bird swam, flapped into an old punt, and jumped ashore, just as four more cocks rose, and, going to all points of the compass, were dropped—one by the outside

gun, one by the upper gun, and the others by those below. A fox, which had lain quiet in the rushes during the first rise, jumped up, and, making first for one point, then for another, acted as flusher to the birds, which continued to rise singly and in pairs. Then the beaters came up, and working through the rushes, rose several more single pheasants, bringing the number bagged in this corner up to thirteen.

By luncheon time the bag was sixty head. This was just equalled by the bag made by beating the high wood later in the day. Hares were moving and slipping back in all directions in this high cover, and gave easy chances crossing the main ride. But the rabbits would not be forced to face the open. They slipped back just inside the wood, and shooting into cover, though quite against rules, had to be resorted to. On the other hand, several cock pheasants were good enough to show, some being bagged and others missed, while one of the party crowned



Photo. by Taunt.

## SOME OF THE BAG.

Oxford.



the day with a woodcock, killed just as it was flying out of the cover towards the Thames. The total bag was a modest but sufficing one—118 head, including twenty-one pheasants, twenty-one hares, and a woodcock. The final scene by the wood gate was quite in keeping with the day. A

low two-wheeled, Scotch-built cart, filled with clean oat-straw, and drawn by a big bay farm-horse, drove up the deep central drive, and, being loaded with the whole pile of hares, rabbits, and pheasants, drove back to headquarters in the dusk.

C. J. CORNISH.

## TITMICE AND THEIR WAYS.

LET the ox-eyes, whose beautiful nest is here displayed, and the cheery little blue tits, nine in family and sitting all in a row, be celebrated together. Are they not children of the same family, the giants but an inch taller than the pigmies, addicted to the same pretty habits, and the friends of man not only in the country but also in the London parks? The ox-eye is simply *Parus major*, the great tit; the blue tit is merely the tom tit, whose tender twitter and sprightly gait were so prettily mimicked by Miss Letty Lind a short time since. First, let me congratulate the artist upon having got his camera within range of the ox-eyes' nest. It is not an easy task.

I have found many scores of nests of great and tom tits in all sorts of places, but I cannot remember to have seen more than one of them; and that sight was obtained only by taking a mean advantage. The assiduous birds had filled a private letter-box with moss. Their goings in and out of the letter slot betrayed the nursery; they knew not that man possessed an appliance, to wit a key, by the use of which he could remove at one fell stroke the whole front of their defences and expose the interior, so to speak, in section. These hole-frequenting titmice do not mind how near to the haunts of man they build their nests; they rely almost always upon their external defences and upon the minute dimensions of the nursery door. At times they may be circumvented with a teaspoon, which will enter a cranny which the fingers of a boy cannot penetrate; but more often than not the cranny goes down deep or takes a sudden turn, and the insidious artifice of the boy is defeated. Still, for the collector, the teaspoon trick, picked up many years ago from a sunburnt schoolfellow from Devonshire, is not to be despised. Teaspoons barred, it may be taken that



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

OX-EYES NEST WITH EGGS.

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the eggs are never directly accessible to human fingers; either the orifice defies the robber by its straitness or, if the hand can penetrate the entrance, the eggs are found to be out of reach. Moreover, the sitting bird has spirit, as becomes a creature largely carnivorous, and will attack the invading finger with a vigour which is startling, albeit not serious. One mistake only do the tits make. Sprightly little creatures that they are, and full of bright assurance, they forget that substances which to them seem rigid and immovable are trifles to other creatures; they assume that the position of things cannot be altered. So they will nest in letter-boxes, very often, in inverted flower-pots, and in like hiding-places. To their credit, and to that of man, be it added that the birds, when found nesting in this fancied security, are rarely disturbed more than is necessary, and that a titmouse on the nest will stick to her duties to the last in spite of incidents, such as the daily dropping of letters on to her back, which were not calculated upon when the place was chosen.

The cock titmouse, great or tom, has always his quiver full; the hen is always a joyful mother of children; for the eggs of both species are minute, and are laid in great numbers. Eggs once hatched, the parents are in the position of the "old woman who lived in a shoe," only they treat their children better, and send them out into the world, as the picture shows, in grand health and spirits. True, the clothes of the fledglings are not yet as bright as they will be. The bright blue that will deck their polls is but a greenish brown, and generally they are less conspicuous than their parents. But it is matter of no great moment, for the birds will not make their *début* in human Society yet awhile. One does not see much of them, in the ordinary way, until winter, and then they become very numerous in the woods and near the houses, being recruited by large numbers of cousins from the Continent. The best place in which to watch titmice at their ease is in a quiet fir wood, and with



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

BLUE TITS ON BRANCH.

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them one may often see the golden-crested wrens in considerable numbers. The recipe is simple. Enter the wood, take up a comfortable position, and keep your ears open. Soon, mingled with the melodious moaning of the breeze among the trees, will come soft and sibilant twitterings, and then you shall see the titmice, often in great companies, busy among the branches, hanging in every sort of attitude, the pigmy acrobats of the wood. In winter, as Mr. Dixon rightly observes, they rarely come to the ground, and snow punishes them less severely than most birds, because there are always crannies on the under and leeward sides of trunks and branches in which food may be sought. Lastly, you may, in so many words, hire titmice to play their lively antics for your amusement, for their passion for meat is great, and if you hang a meaty bone or a lump of fat or suet within sight of your study window the titmice will surely find it, and will flutter round and cling to it in a thousand postures, to your infinite entertainment. A spot where I have seen them in multitudes and watched them for hours might hardly commend itself to some persons, for it was a group of yews, in the middle of Anglesey, where the kennelman was wont to hang up his stores of horseflesh in the frosty air. My sense of smell, however, is dull—whereby I gain perhaps more than I lose—and the sight of the blue atoms of birds, and the sound of “their tender twitter that windlike did come and go,” were things not to be forgotten.



#### CASTLE ASHBY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having been born and brought up in Castle Ashby, which I have not seen for nearly five-and-twenty years, and acquainted with every stick and stone of the place, you may imagine what pleasure I have derived from the charming views of it which COUNTRY LIFE has lately given. Alas that in the midst of so much satisfaction I should have to strike a discordant note, but I cannot help expressing my regret that your most excellent artist has not given us a sight of the church. This in itself and its surroundings are unique, and standing as it does in the midst of this lovely pleasaunce, is certainly entitled to a place in any representative series of views. It is very nearly touched in page 17, the north door being just across the broad walk, at the top of the flight of steps on the right side of the picture. But I fear you have bidden good-bye to Castle Ashby, so there only remains to thank you for the good things you have given us, even if gratitude is tempered with disappointment.—R. H.



[We are happy to be able to dissipate our correspondent's regrets. Our picture is from a photograph by H. Bartholomew, of Newport Pagnell.—ED.]

#### STERILISED MILK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be glad of any information in your columns respecting sterilised milk. Is it to any extent prepared in this country, or is it imported? Is it a growing article of trade? Is it possible to buy sterilised goats' milk for invalids? If it is prepared in this country, who are the principal firms who sell it? Does it require expensive plant, and would it be possible for a private individual to prepare it for sale? It might form a remunerative branch of farming.—SKIDDAW.



#### VANDALISM AT HENLEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In view of the very general outcry that has been raised against the proposed railway between Marlow and Henley, it may be of interest to your readers to see the accompanying photograph of part of the country through which the line will run, and possibly bring home to them more vividly how complete will be the ruin of one of the most picturesque scenes on the Thames. The crossbar is erected at exactly the height of the actual line of the proposed railway, and it can easily be imagined what a bridge supporting the line will mean.—LEONARD NOBLE.

#### LAYING OUT A GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If your correspondent will send me his name and address, I will reply to his query, and give him the address of an excellent landscape gardener who has lately done satisfactory work for me.—EDMUND A. HANLEY, The Grange, Goring-on-Thames.

#### THE BLACK HAMBURGH VINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very much obliged if you would tell me when the black Hamburgh grape, which I consider one of the most luscious in the world, was introduced, or anything concerning its history. I have a splendid vine of it, but do not know in the least the history of this variety, nor does any book I possess assist me in the matter.—VITIS.

[We quite agree with you in your estimation of this grape. It is as pleasantly flavoured and as easily grown as any vine in the world. The black Hamburgh grape is a German kind, and said to have been imported early in the century from Hamburg by a Mr. John Warner. Mr. A. F. Barron, in his interesting book, "Vines and Vine Culture," says:—"It is essentially a German grape, being met with in every part of the country where grapes are cultivated, and under very numerous synonyms, the best known being that of Trollinger and Frankenthaler, which of late years has been much adopted in this country—by some as synonymous with black Hamburgh, by others as representing a larger and coarser variety. . . . There is no permanent distinction among the many so-called varieties of black Hamburgh, the Mill Hill and Dutch excepted, which are so decidedly distinct that no possible confusion need arise about them."—ED.]

#### GROWING THE SNOWFLAKE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am very much interested in COUNTRY LIFE, and find keen enjoyment from your beautiful publication. As you are so ready to assist readers, would you kindly tell me something about the Snowflake (*Leucojum*), which I have unfortunately failed to succeed with. Would you kindly help me.—E. R.

[Fair garden flowers are these for the grass or shrubbery margin. We have seen the dainty flowers clustering at the base of an old apple tree where daffodils lift their golden chalices. *L. vernum* is the Spring Snowflake. Its flowers, sweetly fragrant, like a snowdrop, hang on a slender stem; they are tipped with green or yellow. A graceful flower for the grass. A vigorous form of this, later in flower, is *L. carpathicum*. *L. aestivum* is the Summer Snowflake. This is taller and stronger than the Spring Snowflake. It will grow 18 in. or more in height, the flowers drooping and white, with green tips. A charming bulb is this for the wild garden, and is happy in the grass. Earlier in bloom is the form called *L. pulchellum* or *Hernandezii*, similar in height to the species, but less beautiful. The *Acis* family is sometimes grouped with the *Leucojums*. *A. autumnalis* is the best known; its pink bells are welcome in the autumn on the rock garden, where it is at home in a light soil, with a carpet of some tufted plant to give relief to the flowers; these appear before the leaves. The *Leucojums* are hardy and vigorous. They should have a well-drained, warm soil, and be placed where their delicate beauty is seen. Propagate by offsets.—ED.]

#### A BIG JUMP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to "Drag," the biggest jump—fully authenticated—was made by a horse called Chandler, at Warwick—37 ft. clear. He was bought out of a chandler's cart near Birmingham for £12. The highest jump was in America.—J. M. FLETCHER.

THE IRISH ELK: A CORRECTION.—By inadvertence the dimensions of the Irish elk's antlers in the possession of Mr. F. W. Low, of Kilshane, were wrongly given in our issue of January 29th. They are 9 ft. 11 in., not 6 ft. 11 in.



# Notes from my Diary

by Mlle. Sans-Gêne

**M**ONDAY: "Nothing to do, and no one to do it with, explains my case exactly," thus wrote Essie to me this morning with her usual indirect method. I went to her at once of course, and found a most trivial strain of her right ankle prevented her from enjoying her favourite pastime of skating, and that her whole soul was in arms and eager for the fray of some new fashions. A most unreasonable person is Essie. How can she expect that I or anyone else can know anything of new fashions in the dreary month of February? There are none worthy of consideration to the dweller in London, all the best frocks being dedicated entirely to the fortunate few who are off to the South, always excepting the evening dresses, which are, like the advertised wedding presents, "numerous and costly." In the daytime here we devote ourselves to sad cloth skirts and melancholy fur coats, crowning them with some bright new toque, probably imagining we do not look as shabby as we are. With the lighting of the lamps we throw ourselves into the extravagant joys of Liberty satin teagowns, and later on revel in the charms of lace and chiffon, net and jet gowns of the most prodigal.

It is an accepted fact of fashion that skirts should be flounced. An excellent shape of skirt for such treatment fits tightly over the hips, has a square tablier down to the hem, the flounce extending, but round the back. A gown made like this I saw the other night with the tight portion of ivory lace lined with black chiffon or net, and the flounces of black net. It was worn by a tall woman, else had the sudden lines of white and black been somewhat disadvantageous.

Essie is greedy for new theatre cloaks, and declares that her fur cape bores her, it always looks exactly the same. This might be reckoned a virtue by some people, but in Essie's mind it is an undoubted vice. Men, women, and clothes, she detests them all cordially for what she calls the most heinous sin of monotony. It is not easy to find a nice theatre cloak at this moment, or indeed at any other. Lace or embroidery with borders and lining of fur reach near the ideal, and the popular fancy for the application of one material on to another may well be adapted to such garments.

Padded patterns of grey satin applied on to grey satin with chenille bordered with chinchilla, and lined with turquoise blue, I suggested to Essie for her next purchase, but she does not think she is beautiful enough to wear grey. It does, perhaps, require special charm. A long sac coat of biscuit-coloured brocade, with yoke and stole pieces in one, made of an embroidery of pink, and black and white pearls, with a smoke fox collar lined with pink chiffon, would be attractive, and I guaranteed it would not last too long. Essie was, however, not satisfied with this—her ankle makes her fractious. She plaintively observed, "Nobody is ever of any use to me, I am bound to do everything for myself," with that air of the determined martyr peculiar to women who have never been known to do anything for themselves or for others. I left Essie somewhat abruptly, flinging her pretty head—and it is a pretty head just now, with the hair waved close and gathered into a long loose coil at the nape of the neck—back on to the sofa cushions, yawning a grumbling protest that I had not been with her for five minutes.

**TUESDAY:** I went over to tea with Trixie this afternoon, discovering her in a pretty house dress of soft blue cloth with yoke and sleeves of a lighter blue silk, striped with darker blue velvet ribbons, and a fichu of écreu net folded round the shoulders, to disappear beneath a belt of blue velvet. I admired her enthusiastically, and then urged her to reconsider the advantages of plain skirts. These are quite out of fashion, and it is exceedingly wrong of her to continue to wear them, even though she does it with the idea that it makes her look taller—an erroneous one, for the proper skirt to-day, with its seam at the knees in the front, graduated up to the hips, is infinitely more becoming. She made me promise to forgive her various delinquencies, admire her unreservedly, and take her to see "Julius Cæsar." We telephoned for seats with a satisfactory result, and I found myself in Her Majesty's Theatre to-night—the last place in the world where I expected to be. Beerbohm Tree looks like a classic poet with a roving eye, and very delightful at that. Lily



TRIXIE'S HOUSE DRESS.

Hanbury wears wonderful draperies, all blues and gold, and Miss Millard accentuates the becoming advantages of white draperies; so too does Mrs. Tree, who trips about most gracefully in her boy's garb.

The house was very full, and I had much excellent opportunity for observing the enthusiasm with which we adopt decorated coiffures. One woman had no less than five things in her hair—two diamond combs, a wreath of roses round a black osprey, a black feather, and a small diamond crescent. She was nothing if not thorough. A very pretty effect was achieved by a young girl with a soft coil of hair set right on the top of her head, encircled with a pale blue ribbon tied at one side with a bow. She had a spiritual expression on her face which suggested to me a Romney. Inexpensive and effective was a pair of outstretched jet wings bordered with insincere diamonds, set on a very narrow fillet on some light brown locks. This was worn with one of the popular jet dresses with white tulle in the décolletage. I think the wearer must have been in mourning, for her cape was a mass of jet to match her dress, lined with white

satin, with a shaped flounce of sable on the hem. She was a very tall woman, and she looked perfectly charming.

A scarlet chiffon dress made a most attractive note in the auditorium. This was cut in the simplest fashion—a gathered bodice from a bouillonné round the décolletage, little wrinkled tight-fitting sleeves, a narrow belt of satin ribbon drawn through a Parisian diamond buckle, and a skirt of chiffon sun-kilted over a soft satin petticoat. Not a detail escaped me, for I was sitting immediately behind it. Trixie was entranced with the play, and quite annoyed with me for observing such common details as frocks. There is, indeed, a great advantage in being young—and Trixie is very young.

THURSDAY: I was very sad this morning. The sky was grey, everybody in the house had had a bad night, and mentioned it as if it were something to be proud of. Two of my very youthful relations are staying here, and they insisted that I should go through their stamp collections first and play billiards with them subsequently. I am a martyr to my young nieces and nephews, sharing their amusements just as if I were of their age and being desperately conscious that I am not. The only diversion from melancholy that I obtained was a visit from a man milliner whose local habitation is Paris. He brought with him several excellent hats too. I find that the distinguishing feature of French millinery is its flatness. The erection at the side or at the back is gradually becoming slighter, the ostrich feathers slant on to the hair, even the rosettes have a depressed look, and the toques which continue to be much patronised show flat crowns of flowers with a single bunch of leaves at one side, raised about two inches above. Hat shapes of drawn glacé silk my visitor showed me, but I am tired of these. They made their first appearance six months ago. I suspect them of an exceeding popularity in the immediate future. One of light mauve, trimmed with masses of green leaves and pale mauve lilac and violet rosettes, he tried hard to persuade me to buy, but I was firm in my resolution to avoid the general favourite (my special aversion in all things fashionable), and bought a fascinating little hat of black jet with two ostrich feathers at one side and a diamond brooch. It is nothing very new in detail, but the shape is charming, turning up in the front and taking somewhat the outlines of the old Punchinello, yet considerably subdued from the aggressiveness of that. It gave me quite an appetite for lunch, buying hats, also an appetite for buying more hats, but for this I must wait until the sun and fortune smile on me in concert.



THE GENTIANAS.

WE are pleased to show our readers this week an illustration from a photograph of the beautiful bed of the Gentianella (*G. acaulis*) in Mr. G. F. Wilson's garden at Wisley, where this gem of the alpine heights is as happy as upon its native slopes. The blue of this mountain flower is rich and pure, a glorious carpet of colour to cover the earth. As we have an opportunity of illustrating perhaps the most beautiful species, we will write a few notes concerning the family generally. Our illustration portrays a group of the plant which, when smothered with blue flowers, is a sumptuous picture. Moist loamy soil thoroughly drained is what the alpine Gentians require, and the Gentianella in particular makes a charming edging. We have on previous occasions pointed out that brick-ends, wood, grass, tiles, and terra-cotta are not the best edgings, but stone over which the Gentianella can creep. Throughout the winter the little rosettes of growth are pretty, and then we have the beauty of a thousand blue flowers. Such an edging is in itself a garden. There are several varieties besides the deep blue we know so well, white, pinkish, and other shades appearing. We have seen flowers of great variety of colouring in Mr. Wilson's garden. *G. verna*, the Vernal Gentian, is a delightful alpine flower, either in the rock garden, the border, or used as an edging. The plant is vigorous, spreading freely where the soil is sandy but not too dry, showing the same rude health and host of flowers as on its cool native mountain pastures. Visitors to the Alps know this deep blue alpine flower, which amongst a thousand wildings appeals most strongly to the traveller. Deep light loam, with limestone added, forms the most suitable soil, giving the plants during the summer, when hot dry weather prevails for any length of time, an abundance of water. A Gentian much like *G. verna* is *G. lavarica*, the flowers of a charming blue shade, but the plant requires a moist soil. It is happy in spongy ground where *Primula rosea*, the *Caltha* or Marsh Marigolds, *Trillium grandiflorum*, moisture-loving Orchises, and similar things are at home.

#### THE WILLOW GENTIAN,

known botanically as *Gentiana asclepiadea*, is unlike the dwarf and tufted Gentianella. The Willow Gentian is strong and tall in growth, the leafy stems rising 2ft. or more in height, and when the plant is happily placed it spreads out into a luxuriant bush. It is deciduous, that is, the stems die down in winter, springing up with renewed energy each spring. This Gentian may be easily naturalised, as it enjoys the shade and shelter of woodland where the soil is light and spongy. The flowers of the species are rich blue and borne freely along the whole leafy stem, whilst in the variety *alba* they are, as suggested by the name, white. It is a good plan to grow the two kinds near each other, giving the plants ample space for full development. The Willow Gentian is not very common in gardens, though so bold and handsome.



Photo., Ward.

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THE GENTIANELLA (*Gentiana acaulis*) IN A SURREY GARDEN.

#### OTHER BEAUTIFUL GENTIANAS.

There are several other Gentians, each welcome in their way, though the kinds already mentioned are the most charming. The Crested Gentian (*G. septemfida*) is very distinct, the flowers of which are produced in clusters upon stems about 12in. in height, and their bluish-white colour is pretty. It should be planted in every good rock garden, and succeeds best in a rather moist peaty soil, not so moist, however, as far as our experience goes, as the Willow Gentian requires. The more important of the other members of this beautiful family are *G. Andrewsii*, *G. cruciata*, and *G. caucasica*. Few families of hardy plants differ more in character. The low-growing *Gentianella* is brother to the bushy spreading *G. asclepiadea*, whilst in the matter of soil and situation we meet with the same extremes.

#### THE SWEET PEA.

This is a fair garden flower, sweet in fragrance, tender and varied in colour, and graceful in growth. Of recent years many new and delightful varieties have been raised by Mr. Eckford of Wem, Shropshire, in particular. A rich variety of colours makes the flowers welcome in the house and in all dainty decorations. Prepare the ground before sowing by incorporating with the soil, if at all poor, well-decayed manure, and leave the surface rough. To prepare it for the reception of the seed, break it down with a hoe and sow the seed in drills not less than 3in. deep and 6in. apart. In some warm gardens autumn sowing gives the best results. Of course there are many

#### POSITIONS FOR THE SWEET PEA.

It will garland twiggy sticks with beauty or clamber into a neighbouring hedge. It is wise to roll the seeds in red lead before sowing, to save them from birds and more particularly mice. If the drill is not quite filled up, space is left for water when required during the following summer. When the seedlings are a few inches high, put twiggy sticks to them, and mulch the rows with well-decayed manure, spent hops, and similar substances to keep the roots cool, otherwise the plants quickly fail in hot and dry summers. Never allow seed to form, unless one desires to save stock, then a portion of a row should be set apart for that purpose. The flowers must be gathered when expanded if a succession is required. When autumn sowing is not practised, sow in March and the two following months to ensure successional displays.

#### VARIETIES OF SWEET PEA.

There are so many kinds that it is no easy task to select the most distinct and beautiful, but the following give many shades of colour:—Alice Eckford, creamy-white and rose; Meteor, orange, tinted salmon; Stanley, rich maroon; Peach Blossom, delicate pink; Emily Eckford, soft blue; Venus, salmon buff; Mrs. Eckford, primrose shade; Mrs. Sankey, pure white; Captain of the Blues, Mrs. Gladstone, soft pink; and Countess of Radnor, a lovely lavender shade. A charming trio is formed by Mrs. Gladstone, Countess of Radnor, and Mrs. Sankey. Striped varieties are objectionable in every way.

#### THE JAPANESE QUINCE.

The Quince is a cherished tree both for its picturesque growth and perfumed fruit. The Japanese form *Pyrus*, or *Cydonia japonica*, which our note more concerns, is treasured too. We are reminded of it by a few flowering shoots sent from Devonshire. It is, of course, a naturally early-flowering tree or shrub, whichever one is pleased to call it, but seldom is a bloom seen in January. The Japanese Quince is very hardy and vigorous, smothered with flowers almost before the leaves have appeared, and there are now several varieties. We enjoy the crimson kind as well as any, but richer far than this is the Knaphill Scarlet, the clusters of flowers aglow with colour in late spring. *Cardinalis* is very bright also, and *Alba* (white) makes a change. A group of the Japanese Quince on the lawn is very handsome. *P. Manlei* was introduced more recently from Japan, and if less vigorous than *P. japonica*, is a valuable lawn shrub, the shoots being covered with orange-scarlet flowers early in the year and succeeded by large fragrant yellow fruits, which we believe will make a pleasant preserve.

#### PRIMULA STELLATA, OR THE STAR PRIMROSE.

This is the name of a *Primula* related closely to the well-known Chinese Primrose, but quite distinct in general characters. The one is as free as *P. obconica*, whilst the other is naturally stiff, though this sturdiness is a virtue. The Star Primula is as graceful almost as a *Fuchsia*, the flowers starry in form, not so large as the single Chinese *Primula*, and borne profusely in whorls, supported by a slender stem. This stem will sometimes develop almost 2ft. in length, and, though slender, is held erect, the masses of flowers assuming a pyramidal form. When many plants in full bloom are grouped together, the effect is more pleasing to us than groups of the *Primulas* we know so well. The colours are pink, purplish shade, and white. It is the extreme elegance and freedom of the plant that is so pleasing.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always ready to assist our readers in every phase of gardening. The trade are also invited to send their catalogues for notice.